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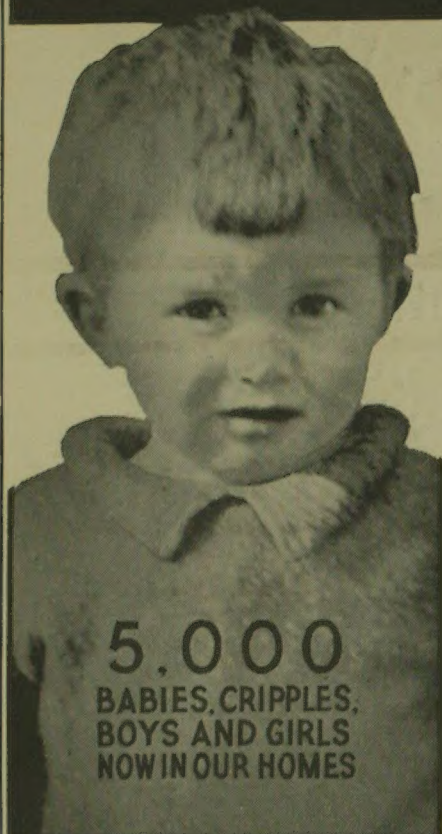
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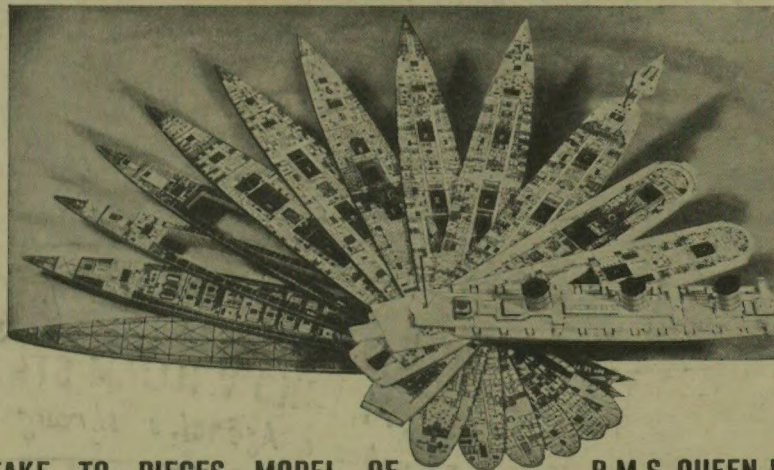
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1939



THE FIRST OF THE FIGHTERS FOR FREEDOM FROM THE OVERSEAS EMPIRE: MEN OF THE CANADIAN ACTIVE SERVICE FORCE, WHO HAVE ARRIVED IN ENGLAND TO COMPLETE THEIR TRAINING.

The first contingent of the Canadian Active Service Force arrived in England on December 18. The contingent forms a cross-section of Canada, including men of every class and from every part. Some of them fought in the last war; many have fathers that did. Tremendous enthusiasm prevails, although, as

General McNaughton, their Commander, said, they "look on this business as an unpleasant job that has got to be done." The Force is now completing its training in England. The Atlantic crossing was made in eight days, with no untoward incident—a tribute to the Navy's fine escort work. (Fox.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT seems almost incredible. Or it would to anyone not acquainted with the strange workings of our modern bureaucratic system. We are at war. In the absence of any wide or adequate scene of military operation we are counting for victory largely on our ability to starve the enemy into surrender. The enemy, in reply, is trying to starve us. Regardless of humanitarian motives or the international rules of war—which are seldom observed save in time of peace—he is sowing the sea with secret mines and endeavouring (at present not very successfully) to attack merchant ships with submarines and aeroplanes. Owing to the economic theories held by the rulers of this country for the past century, we are unfortunately dependent for the greater part of our essential food on foreign supplies, which are brought to us—since they can be brought in no other way—by ship. The most vulnerable part of us, in fact, is our stomach. And this is the moment that those responsible for our defence chose to place several thousand acres of the finest pastureland in England under huts and duckboards. In one place, more than thirty farms and small holdings have just been sold up at short notice on compulsory official orders. Here the loss to the nation in essential food is said to be 50,000 gallons of milk a month, as well as a large quantity of butter and cheese. Heaven knows there is no lack of poor agricultural land in England, of heath and downland, of long wasted and ruined farms. But it seems that if land is wanted for a camp, nothing but the best land will do. If our soldiers are to wade in mud, they shall do so in loam fit for heroes.

It was the custom of the late Samuel Butler, when anything struck him with particular force, to exclaim, in recollection of a certain statue in a great imperial city: "Oh God! Oh Montreal!" If he were alive to-day, he might well make this observation now. The situation seems to call for it.

Those who preside over the clerky operations of the War Office are honourable men. They are patriots. They mean well. Like many others in more exposed and uncomfortable positions they are working long hours to win the war. The nature of their business is closely prescribed for them. They have a definite job to do. And in doing it they are not expected to think of any other. Theirs not to reason why. It is, therefore, no part of their functions to consider what other national use might be performed by the land they require for military camps. Their only duty is, having decided they want it, to take it. They are certainly not to be blamed for conscientiously fulfilling the letter of their instructions, even if in doing so they inflict on the nation damage far outweighing the service done in this particular instance by their routine job.

But what are we to think of those who permit them to do so? Of the politicians who are supposed to co-ordinate the functions of painstaking national services? The civil servants, like good draught-horses, work in blinkers. But the men behind them—the men we put into Parliament to represent us and supervise the complicated machine of Government—have no right to wear blinkers. Certainly not at a time like this, when the country is fighting for its existence, when a ruthless foe is watching for a chance to strike at every chink in our armour, when a sharp look-out on the bridge is the supreme necessity. Who is responsible at such a moment as this for allowing any part of our all too scanty productive farmland to go out of cultivation? In days gone by, and not ignoble days, good men have gone to the block on Tower Hill for lesser injury to England than this.

comfortable home and follow a penniless crusade or to make a camel pass through the eye of a needle. He takes the country, and all the delicate, intricate, hereditary skill that goes to its taming, for granted. He lives on the fruits of its exploitation, but never realises how difficult, precarious and vital to his own existence that exploitation is. Many town-dwellers, of course, love the external aspects of the countryside—think it pretty, like to ride or hunt over it or read poems about it. I recently read in the gossip column of a newspaper that a certain great lady was eminently fitted for the task of directing the activities of women land-workers because she herself was a well-known golfer with a life-long experience of the game. To a busy city journalist, golf might well seem a close adjunct to agriculture. Both are conducted outside the city in the country, necessitate stout shoes and expose the complexion of their devotees to the full

rigours of the climate. Compared with these common attributes, lesser points of difference must seem mere refinements of definition.

These random thoughts were aroused by reading in a weekly journal the confessions of a well-known broadcaster on such country pastimes as rambling, who was driven by the exigencies of evacuation to take refuge in that countryside which he so often recommended to his listeners as the background to their hours of relaxation and pleasure. Hitherto he had known and loved the country as the setting to his holidays and week-ends. But since the outbreak of war and his enforced flight to the muddy solitude of Loamshire, he had had a rude awakening. He had discovered, he confessed, with great frankness and honesty, "the difference between staying in the country for the all-too-short days of the summer, and living in it for the all-too-dreary dark days of winter." For the agriculturist both, of course, are equally important. They are part of the divine

machinery of which he is a part and through which he fulfils his skilled and specialised function. The banished townsman found no meaning or beauty in all this. "The strident screech of geese, the grotesque gobbling of turkeys, the mournful mooing of cows, the greedy grunting of pigs, the complacent clucking of hens, and the beastly bleating of sheep went on all day, and served only to remind me of the slaughterhouse aspect of farm life. Everything alive seemed to be in the process of being fattened for death." "Mooning about the high-banked green lanes," the erstwhile ramblers' guide felt as if he had been "buried alive." When he returned at last to London he cried for joy, confessing himself cured for ever of his desire to live in the heart of the country. "For the heart of the country," he had found, "is the heart of darkness." But to a countryman it is the heart of light, for he knows it to be the source of all life and nourishment.



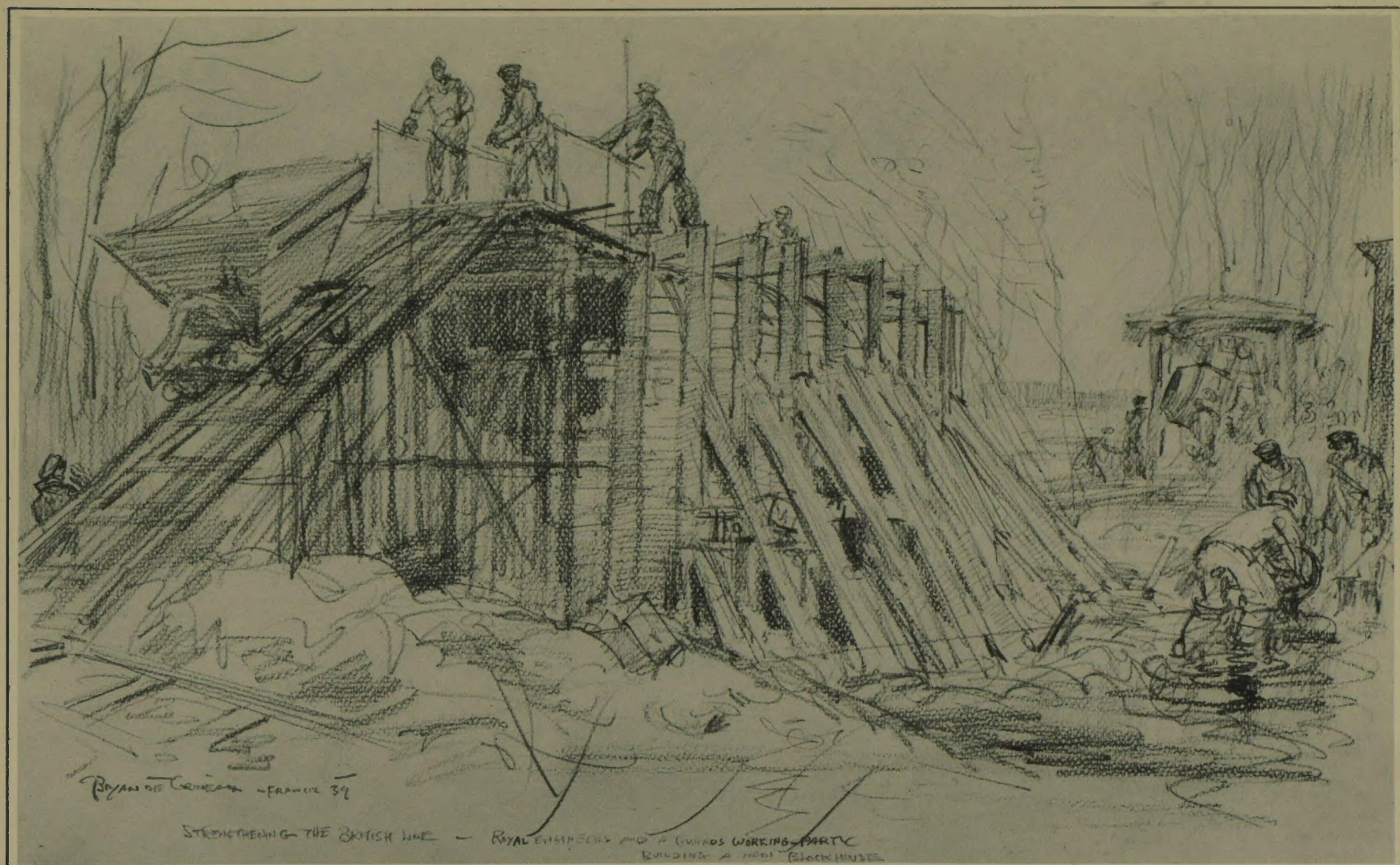
THE KING AT PORTSMOUTH: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE BOYS OF H.M.S. "ST. VINCENT," DRAWN UP BESIDE THE "VICTORY," NELSON'S FLAGSHIP AT TRAFALGAR.

The King visited Portsmouth on December 19, accompanied by Admiral Sir William James, the C-in-C, and he is here seen inspecting the boys from the training-ship H.M.S. "St. Vincent," drawn up beside the "Victory." The King displayed great interest in the work the Navy is doing in the anti-mine campaign. He conferred the D.S.O. on Lieut.-Commander J. G. D. Ouvry, and Lieut.-Commander R. C. Lewis, the D.S.C. on Lieutenant J. Glenny, and the D.S.M. on Chief Petty Officer C. E. Baldwin and Able-Seaman A. Vearncombe for "rendering safe and ready for inspection enemy mines, at great risk of their lives." (Fox.)

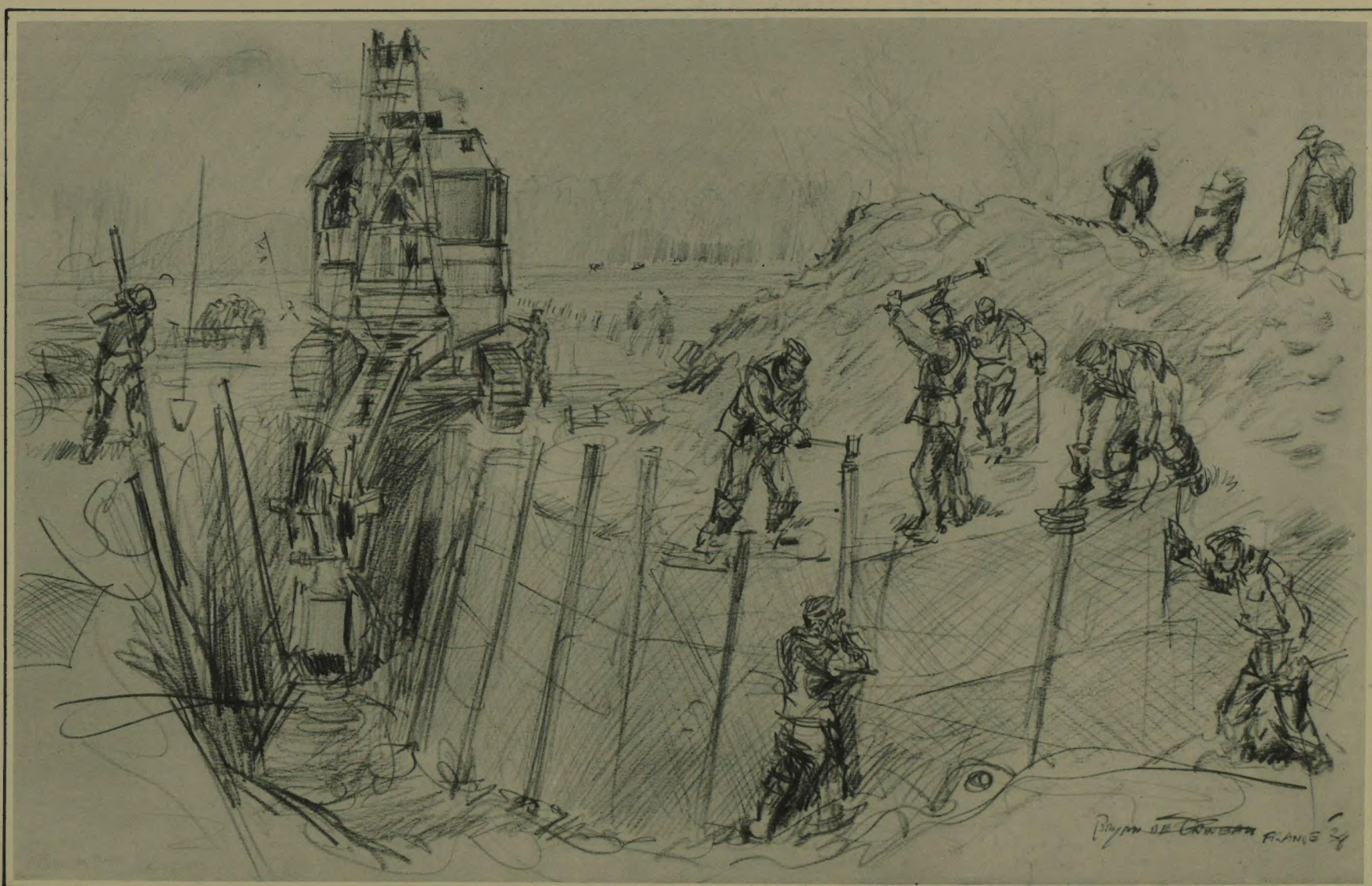
And the tragedy is that people do not realise that it is an injury. Through little choice or natural bent of our own, we have become a nation of townsmen, and, after long urban usage, have forgotten that, in the last resort, we depend on the country, like everyone else. Bank-notes to tender at the shops are to be had in abundance in the great cities of our cosmopolitan age, but everything that we need and buy in those shops is derived from the slow, patient, muddy countryside, or the cold, turbulent, inhospitable sea. Not only eggs and butter and bacon and bread, but the dainty gloves and silks and furs set out for the delectation of the most rarefied and exotic products of our urban civilisation. They derive from the slow-growing plants and the shaggy dumb creatures of the mysterious, hard-tamed universe beyond the city walls.

It is hard to make a townsman comprehend this—as hard as it is to induce a rich man to leave his

THE B.E.F. DIGS IN WITH CONCRETE-MIXERS AND "BACK-ACTORS."



STRENGTHENING THE BRITISH LINE: A DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN FRANCE SHOWING ROYAL ENGINEERS AND A GUARDS' WORKING PARTY BUILDING A BLOCKHOUSE, AND GIVING AN IDEA OF THE STRENGTH OF THE STRUCTURE.



THE CONSTRUCTION OF A TRENCH SYSTEM IN THE BRITISH ZONE IN FRANCE, WHERE TRENCHES ARE NOW DUG BY MEANS OF MECHANICAL EXCAVATORS CALLED "BACK-TRENCHERS" OR "BACK-ACTORS," AND FINISHED OFF BY ANOTHER APPARATUS KNOWN AS A "DRAG-LINER."

On page 774 of our issue of November 25 we published a photographic record of detachments of the British Expeditionary Force consolidating defences in the British sector of the Allied Line. This week we give two rapid artistic impressions of similar activities from the pencil of our special war artist with the British Field Force, Captain Bryan de Grineau, M.C. Describing the preparation of new trenches,

he writes: "As the machines move backwards, digging out a deep cavity behind themselves, R.E. working parties revet the sides with sheets of expanded metal held in place by iron girders—a much quicker system than by the spade-work of the last war. But even so, not a very pleasant task in the kind of weather we have been having lately." (Specially drawn by Captain Bryan de Grineau.)

WHERE A BRITISH H.Q. STAFF SPENT THEIR CHRISTMAS: A

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST

FRENCH CHÂTEAU, NOW THROGGED WITH KHAKI WARRIORS.

IN FRANCE, CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



Bryan de Grineau
France '39

The French châteaux, once more shelter the British army

Painted by artist W. R. R. R. R.



ONCE MORE THE CHÂTEAUX OF FRANCE, SOLIDLY BUILT MANSIONS WITH STATELY ROOMS, VAST KITCHENS AND SUCH A SCENE AS THAT ILLUSTRATED HERE WAS THE BACKGROUND TO THE CHRISTMAS

cases," writes Captain de Grineau, "old drawings and inscriptions on the walls and outhouses show they were occupied by British troops in the last war, and the 1914-18 soldier's crude pictorial ideas of the Kaiser bedeck the

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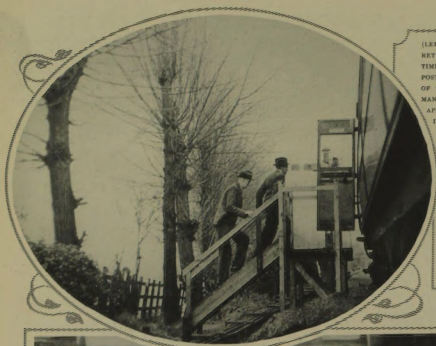
GRENIERS, AND RAMBLING OUTBUILDINGS, ARE SHELTERING KHAKI-CLAD SOLDIERY FROM BEYOND THE CHANNEL. OF MANY A MAN IN THE B.E.F. IT SHOWS A HEADQUARTERS ON THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION.

walls alongside the 1939-40 studies of Adolf Hitler." Relations between the B.E.F. and our French Allies are excellent. "I have been delighted to hear," said Mr. Chamberlain during his recent visit, "of the excellent relations

that exist between the British Force and the French inhabitants. There is not a Frenchman with whom I have spoken who has not borne the most generous testimony to the excellent conduct of our troops."

THE "OFFICE TRAIN"—NEW STYLE: AN L.N.E.R.

DEPARTMENT INSTALLED ON THE PERMANENT WAY.



(LEFT.) RETURNING TO THEIR WARTIME "OFFICE" AFTER A POST-PRANDIAL WALK—TWO OF THE L.N.E.R. PASSENGER MANAGER'S DEPARTMENT, APPROPRIATELY EVACUATED INTO RAILWAY COACHES!

(RIGHT.) AN UNEXPECTED VIEW THROUGH A RAILWAY CARriage WINDOW!—SOME OF THE RAIL STAFF AT WORK IN THEIR NOVEL SURROUNDINGS ON A SIDING NEAR EVELAND.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "OFFICE," SHOWING THE MEANS OF HEATING AND ILLUMINATION—OIL STOVES AND OIL LAMPS BEING USED.



AN EXTERIOR SHOT OF THIS WARTIME L.N.E.R. OFFICE. EMPLOYEES WALK ALONG THE PERMANENT WAY UNTIL THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR OWN PARTICULAR OFFICE.



ONE OF THE MODERN AND COMFORTABLE RAILWAY COACHES WHICH, WITH AN ADJOINING SPORTS PAVILION, CONSTITUTE THE WARTIME OFFICE OF THE L.N.E.R. PASSENGER MANAGER'S DEPARTMENT. THE SEATS AND TABLES, NORMALLY INTENDED FOR TWO PEOPLE, PROVIDE AMPLE WRITING SPACE.



APPARENTLY A "COMMON OR GARDEN" SCENE IN A DINING-CAR—BUT ACTUALLY THE LUNCH HOUR OF THE STAFF OF THE L.N.E.R. PASSENGER MANAGER'S DEPARTMENT. THERE IS NO MEAL PROBLEM—AN EXCELLENT LUNCH BEING SERVED FOR ONE SHILLING.

More than one department of the L.N.E.R. has been evacuated in this novel—yet, for a railway company, extremely appropriate—fashion, that seen above being the Passenger Manager's. From here such matters as time-tables, and

passenger facilities generally, are arranged. As well as the coaches, of which there are six, four being for office purposes and two for dining, a pavilion on a sports ground adjoining the siding forms part of the Department.

Access to this is provided by the wooden steps in the top left photograph, leading straight to the sports ground. The staff have their own chef, and eat aboard the train, an excellent meal being obtainable for the moderate cost

of a shilling. Not far distant, at a station near Barnet, is another wartime office of the L.N.E.R.—here, however, converted waiting-rooms take the place of the "office train" illustrated here. (Fox Photos.)

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

REINDEER IN HARNESS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

MY newspaper the other day informed me, with tantalising brevity, that the Finnish soldiers, in their brave efforts to parry the thrusts of the barbarian Russian hordes now endeavouring to overwhelm them, were using skis, and reindeer to carry

referred to as the "men of the Reindeer Period." To-day the various races of this animal are confined to northern areas of Europe and Asia and North America, but in sadly diminished numbers, for they have been, throughout the ages, subjected to a relentless persecution.

bring out interesting facts in regard to their variations not merely in size, but in the nature and form of the beam and the number of points carried.

Opinions vary much as to the status of the North American reindeer, commonly known as the caribou. Some hold that the caribou does not differ sufficiently from the reindeer of Northern Europe to justify separation into two species. This, however, is not the view of American naturalists, who recognise two species and several subspecies! But this seems to be going too far in the other direction.

Be this as it may, the American caribou differs in no unmistakable way from the Scandinavian reindeer. It is not only a conspicuously larger animal and markedly different in coloration, but in the matter of its antlers it is by far the more striking animal. The range of variation these display is quite extraordinary. And this is, perhaps, specially true of the brow-tine. Here, as in the European reindeer, one or the other is but feebly developed; though in a skull in my possession the difference between the two, in point of size, is by no means so great. These differences are especially marked in animals from the forest districts of Arctic America, and forming what is known as the "woodland type." These animals are of large size, and have relatively short but much-palmated antlers, the brow-tine sometimes forming an enormous shovel-shaped plate with spiked margins.

A magnificent specimen of this form is to be seen in the British Museum. Sometimes, however, this shovel-shaped brow-tine gives place to a great pair of tines, very deeply forked. The beam also terminates in a rather conspicuous palmation wherein the hinder border bears five or six long, pointed tines. The Barren-ground caribou, from the open country north of the forests, recalls the Scandinavian reindeer, its size being small. But the antlers are of great length and simple in form, except the brow-tine, where there is but little palmation. That the



FIG. 1. SHOT BY THE LATE CAPTAIN F. C. SELOUS, AND SHOWING BUT ONE BROW-TINE, AND OF LARGE SIZE, AS IS USUAL IN CARIBOU: THE HEAD OF A "WOODLAND" CARIBOU, THE TINE BEING EXCEPTIONALLY LARGE AND PALMATED.

That the Caribou is descended from the herds of Northern Europe there can be no question. They must have gained entrance to the New World when the gap now forming the Behring Straits was less than now.

machine-guns, while dog-teams bring up their supplies to the fighting-lines. This was in itself interesting, but it left me wondering about the reindeer, one of the most notable of the deer family. To begin with, are the animals they are using reindeer brought over the border from Lapland, or are they native Finnish reindeer?

The reindeer has long been domesticated in Lapland, but these are smaller animals than the parent wild stock. In Siberia, however, it is to be noted, there is a larger animal, mainly used for riding. Will some of these now be pressed into service by the Russians? The Finnish reindeer is distinguishable from the Lapland species mainly by its more vaulted nasal-region. Also it is a larger animal than the Scandinavian reindeer of Sweden and Norway. Furthermore, all the European races are markedly smaller than the North American type, known commonly as the "caribou," of which more presently.

The feet of the reindeer, from long usage, have become adjusted to walking in snow and over soft, marshy ground. For the hoofs of the two main toes are conspicuously large and rather widely separated, so as to spread out as the weight of the body is thrown on them. But, more than this, the pair of lateral hoofs differ from those of all other deer in that they are larger and have longer supporting bones, so that they also, when the animal is walking over deep snow or bog-like surfaces, are able to take a share in carrying the weight of the body and thus prevent "bogging." A further peculiarity of these animals is that the muzzle is hairy and thus unlike that of all other deer, except the moose. This may, perhaps, be an adjustment to the use of the muzzle for clearing away the snow to get at the reindeer-moss and other herbage below.

The geographical range of the reindeer is now much restricted, as is shown by the fact that it was hunted here in our England by the Stone Age man of the Upper Palæolithic Age, hence they are often

What we may call the "hall-mark" of the deer is found in the antlers, which answer to the horns of oxen, antelopes, sheep and goats, which are known as the hollow-horned ruminants, from the fact that their horns are formed of a horny sheath covering a bony core. Such horns are permanent. The antlers of the deer, however, are of a totally distinct kind, for they are shed and replaced annually. While growing they are covered by what is known as the "velvet," a dense covering of short hairs, serving as a protection for the delicate blood-vessels which nourish the growth of the antlers.

Antlers further differ from horns in that, in most species, the main shaft develops branches. And these branches display a most surprising diversity in their form, number and disposition. And this not merely in different species, but even in different individuals of the same species. The contrasts between the antlers of the Old World reindeer and those of the North American reindeer, or caribou, and between the Old World elk and the moose of North America, demonstrate this diversity in a very striking way.



FIG. 2 (LEFT.) THE ANTLERS OF ANOTHER CARIBOU, ALSO ONE OF THE "WOODLAND" SPECIES, SHOWING AN ENORMOUS BROW-TINE, LIKEWISE MUCH PALMATED, BUT CONTRASTING CONSPICUOUSLY WITH THAT IN FIG. 1. FIG. 3 (RIGHT.) THE HEAD OF ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF THE SCANDINAVIAN REINDEER IN WHICH THE TINES OF THE BEAM ARE ALSO WELL DEVELOPED, BUT LESS SO THAN IN FIG. 4: SHOWING TWO LARGE BROW-TINES, AN UNUSUAL FEATURE.

Reindeer are strong swimmers, crossing without hesitation lakes intercepting their progress southwards, when on their annual migration at the outset of winter. Their feet have, from long usage, become adjusted to walking in snow, and over soft, marshy ground. For the hoofs of the two main toes are conspicuously large, and rather widely separated, so as to spread out as the weight of the body is thrown on them. (Photographs by J. A. Crabbe.)

The antlers of the Scandinavian and Finnish reindeer seem rarely, if ever, to attain the size of those of the Pleistocene fossil species. This much seems to be shown in the wonderful skull in the British Museum of Natural History, dug up in Bilney Moor, Norfolk. Herein the antlers are of great size, with an enormous brow-tine. In all the reindeer, one, right or left, is always vastly larger than the other. And this tine, the right in this fossil, bears many large, forked branches. In the tine above, answering to the "bez-tine," we get a similar asymmetry, for here the left is much longer than the right. The main shaft, or beam, is of great length, and bears five points on the left side, but only two on the right. But in the collections of such antlers made by sportsmen, there are some which measure nearly 6 ft. along the curve of the beam.

A collection of photographs of all these would be extremely interesting. The females of all the reindeer also develop antlers. But these are always smaller and more slender and no one, so far as I know, has ever attempted to form a collection thereof. This is a pity, for they would surely



FIG. 4. THE MOST NOTABLE MEMBER OF THE DEER FAMILY, NOW BEING WIDELY UTILISED BY THE FINNISH ARMY, IN THEIR HEROIC STRUGGLE AGAINST THE BOLSHEVIK HORDES, TO CARRY MACHINE-GUNS: A SCANDINAVIAN REINDEER WITH AN UNUSUALLY FINE PAIR OF ANTLERS.

The right brow-tine is remarkable for its large size, and its many branches. The tines of the beam, or main shaft, are also conspicuously long and heavy. The Finnish reindeer is distinguishable from the Lapland species mainly by its more vaulted nasal-region. Also it is a larger animal than the Scandinavian reindeer of Sweden and Norway.

caribou is descended from the herds of Northern Europe there can be no question. They must have gained entrance to the New World when the gap now forming the Behring Straits was less than now. For it must be remembered that reindeer are strong swimmers.

GERMANY'S NEW "DESTROYER 'PLANE": THE MESSERSCHMITT "ME. 110."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



THE MUCH-DISCUSSED NEW GERMAN TWIN-ENGINED FIGHTER—SIX OF WHICH WERE BROUGHT DOWN BY R.A.F. BOMBERS IN THE HELIGOLAND AIR BATTLE: THE MESSERSCHMITT "ME. 110," REPUTED TO HAVE A SPEED OF OVER 370 M.P.H.

The Messerschmitt "Me. 110," the German "destroyer 'plane," has for some time been the subject of keen speculation. With its aid the Germans claimed to have brought down thirty-six British 'planes in the big battle over Heligoland on December 18—a claim which was somewhat pretentious inasmuch as nowhere near that number of British aircraft was engaged! In fact, seven of our machines failed to return, having brought down more than twelve German fighters. Six of these were

"Me. 110s." A development of the "Me. 109," the "Me. 110" is a twin-engine machine, with a reputed top speed of over 370 m.p.h. It is a low-winged monoplane of extremely clean design, fitted with two inverted twelve-cylinder liquid-cooled engines. The armament is reported to consist of two cannon, four fixed forward-firing machine-guns—for attack; and two movable machine-guns for defence, the latter being manipulated by the observer, who also operates the radio. No bombs are carried.

THE SAGA OF THE "SALMON," WHICH LET THE "BREMEN" GO, BUT TORPEDOED A SUBMARINE AND TWO CRUISERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION.



THE FIRST SUCCESS OF THE "SALMON'S" CRUISE: AN OCEAN-GOING U-BOAT OUTWARD BOUND AND MOVING FAST ON THE SURFACE—A SMALL AND DIFFICULT TARGET—SIGHTED THROUGH THE PERISCOPE OF THE BRITISH SUBMARINE (RIGHT), WHICH THEREUPON TORPEDOED HER, BLOWING HER TO PIECES. COMMANDER BICKFORD RECEIVED THE D.S.O. FOR HIS BRILLIANT SUCCESSES ON THIS CRUISE.



"BRITISH SUBMARINES ARE NOT ALLOWED . . . TO SINK MERCHANT SHIPS WITHOUT PROVIDING FOR THE SAFETY OF THEIR CREWS": THE "SALMON" SIGHTS THE GIANT GERMAN LINER "BREMEN," BUT, BEING UNABLE TO CAPTURE HER OWING TO ENEMY AERIAL ACTIVITY, ALLOWS HER TO PROCEED.

Writing on December 19, the Berlin correspondent of the Zurich newspaper *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* stated that it was not denied by the Germans that a warship, apparently the "Blücher," had been hit by a torpedo in the North Sea. In a comment on this piece of news, *The Times* naval correspondent remarked that it was highly improbable, from the known practice of the German propaganda department, that the full damage sustained by German ships would be admitted. "The usual habit is to deny it all," he added. "But it was evidently so heavy in this case that some admission, at least,

was adjudged advisable. So in reality one of the ships hit may well have been sunk." That this surmise was justified is shown by the revealed fact that after dark the commander of the British submarine returned to the vicinity and found "four square miles of sea so thickly coated with oil as to make breathing difficult." The "Salmon's" gallant attack was directed, not on an isolated German warship, but on six enemy battleships proceeding in line. While patrolling submerged she sighted the two German battle-cruisers "Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau," one of the pocket-battleships—either the



THE CULMINATION OF A SERIES OF NAVAL EXPLOITS "REMARKABLE AND PRAISEWORTHY IN THE HIGHEST DEGREE": THE "SALMON'S" ATTACK ON A GERMAN SQUADRON RESULTS IN THE CRUISER "LEIPZIG" BEING HIT. THE 8000-TON "BLÜCHER," IN THE SAME GROUP, WAS ALSO TORPEDOED BY THE "SALMON."

"Deutschland" or "Admiral Scheer"—the two new 10,000-ton, 8-in.-gun cruisers "Hipper" and "Blücher," and the light cruiser "Leipzig." They were on such a course that attack seemed impossible, but at the last moment an alteration brought them within torpedo range when his sights came on. Commander Bickford fired a salvo of six torpedoes, slightly spread so as to have a chance of hitting more than one enemy. The first torpedo hit the "Leipzig"; after a pause of one minute there were two more explosions, believed to be on the second of the heavy cruisers. Twenty-four hours previously the

"Salmon" had sighted the "Bremen," which, declared Mr. Churchill, broadcasting on December 18, "she rightly abstained from torpedoing when that enormous ship was at her mercy," as British submarines "are not allowed by the custom of the sea and by the conventions to which we have subscribed to sink merchant ships without warning or without being able to provide for the safety of the merchant crews." Earlier in the week, while doing her turn of patrol duty in the North Sea, the "Salmon" had blown to pieces by a volley of torpedoes one of the larger German U-boats.

THE NAVY'S HEROIC WORK: BRITISH SUBMARINES AND THEIR VICTIMS.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER G. C. PHILLIPS, WHO SANK A GERMAN CRUISER IN THE SUBMARINE "URSULA."



THE HOMECOMING OF THE "URSULA" AFTER TORPEDOING A "KÖLN" CLASS CRUISER: THE MEN AND THEIR COMMANDER (WITH BINOCULARS) ON THE DECK OF THE LITTLE VESSEL.



COMMANDER E. O. BICKFORD, WHO TORPEDOED THREE GERMAN SHIPS IN THE "SALMON."



A ROYAL HONOUR FOR THE MINE-SWEEPING CREWS: THE KING WITH THE MEN DURING HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.



THE SUBMARINE WHICH SANK TWO GERMAN CRUISERS AND A U-BOAT, AS ILLUSTRATED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE: THE "SALMON," A MEDIUM-SIZED VESSEL OF 670 TONS.



TORPEDOED BY THE "SALMON," AND PROBABLY SUNK: THE 6000-TON GERMAN CRUISER "LEIPZIG," COMPLETED IN 1931.

This issue of "The Illustrated London News" is full of illustrations of the glorious feats of the Royal Navy. It also contains some photographs of U-boat men at work. What a contrast between the daring exploits of the submarines illustrated on this page, whose men well earned the honours bestowed upon them, and those of the U-boats, reduced to hoisting the names of sunk merchant ships as "battle honours"! Although they have concentrated on intensive submarine warfare, and although the British Navy is always at sea, while their own never leaves its own defended waters, no U-boat can have equalled the bag of the "Salmon," which returned home after torpedoing a submarine and two cruisers

Photographs by I.B., Topical, Dorothy Wilding, Keystone, G.P.U., Fox, and S. and G.



DECORATED BY THE KING FOR THEIR WORK IN PREPARING GERMAN MINES FOR EXAMINATION, AT RISK OF THEIR OWN LIVES: (L. TO R.) ABLE SEAMAN A. L. VEARNCOMBE, CHIEF PETTY OFFICER C. E. BALDWIN, LIEUTENANT J. GLENNY, LIEUT.-COMMANDER R. C. LEWIS, AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. G. D. OUVRY.



THE CRUISER OF THE "HIPPER" CLASS WHICH WAS TORPEDOED BY THE "SALMON": THE 8000-TON, .8-IN. GUN VESSEL "BLÜCHER."

in the course of a single cruise; while the feat of Lieut.-Commander Phillips in getting into the mouth of the Elbe, and sinking a cruiser of the "Köln" class, screened by destroyers, fully equalled in daring that of the U-boat commander who penetrated Scapa Flow to sink the "Royal Oak." Of the contrast between the strict adherence of the British submarine service to the laws of the sea, even at risk to themselves, and the brutalities committed by the U-boats, there is no need to speak. It is only necessary to recall that the "Salmon" had the "Bremen" at her mercy, but let her go when it was clear that it was impossible to sink her without endangering the safety of her non-combatant crew.

A 6000-TON "KÖLN" CLASS CRUISER SUNK BY H.M. SUBMARINE "URSULA."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



AN INCIDENT OF WHAT THE FIRST LORD DESCRIBED AS "THE BEST WEEK I CAN REMEMBER IN THIS OR THE LAST WAR FOR BRITISH SUBMARINES": THE SINKING OF A CRUISER BY THE "URSULA," AFTER SHE HAD PENETRATED INTO THE ELBE ESTUARY.

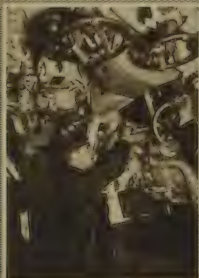
It was announced on the evening of December 21 that H.M. Submarine "Ursula," which sank a six-thousand-ton German cruiser of the "Köln" class several days previously, had returned from her cruise to a British port, and her captain, Lieut.-Commander G. C. Phillips, and his crew had been granted special Christmas leave in reward for this. The "Ursula's" daring deed was commented on in a broadcast address, on December 18, by Mr. Winston Churchill himself, who said: "Here at home in the North Sea our British submarines have had the best week I can remember in this or the last war. . . . British submarines do not wage war on neutral vessels," the First Lord added; "they do not attack humble fishing boats. They have to work for the most part among the minefields and in the strongly

defended waters of the Heligoland Bight. It is only when a German warship is sighted that they are able to use their power and skill. . . . To-day H.M. Submarine 'Ursula' reports that on the 14th she sank a 6000-ton cruiser of the 'Köln' class, although it was surrounded by no fewer than six German destroyers. Thus a considerable proportion of the total German cruiser strength has been sunk or put out of action in a single week, and that in the same week in which almost on the other side of the globe the pocket-battleship 'Graf Spee' met her inglorious end." On two other pages of this issue will be found drawings by our special artist illustrating the adventures of the submarine "Salmon," which let the "Bremen" go unscathed, when she could not legally sink her, but torpedoed two German warships.

LIFE IN A GERMAN U-BOAT: MEN WHO MOVE IN AN ALL-PERVADING ATMOSPHERE OF BRUTALITY AND DEATH.



THE U-BOAT MEN AT WORK IN THE CENTRAL CONTROL STATION OF A SUBMERGED SUBMARINE, WITH THE COMMANDER SEATED IN FRONT OF HIS WHEEL.



SUBMERGING: MEN TURNING THE WHEELS WHICH FLOOD THE BALLAST TANKS, AMID THE CLOSELY PACKED APPARATUS.



THE U-BOAT SUBMERGING. ONCE SHE HAS FLOODED HER TANKS THE OPERATION OF HER MOTORS AND HORIZONTAL RUDDERS SENDS HER UNDER, BOWS FOREMOST. THE STERN AND A LARGE PART OF THE PERISCOPE ARE HERE STILL VISIBLE.

As Lord Chatfield remarked in a recent broadcast: "We can now realise that when Germany sat at the conference table some years ago and signed her name to international conventions to use the submarine and mine lawfully, she had not the slightest intention of keeping her word." Some of the German commanders in this war have shown themselves to be men of honour, indeed the word was freely bandied about at the time of the end of the "Admiral Graf Spee"; but incidents that accompanied that inglorious

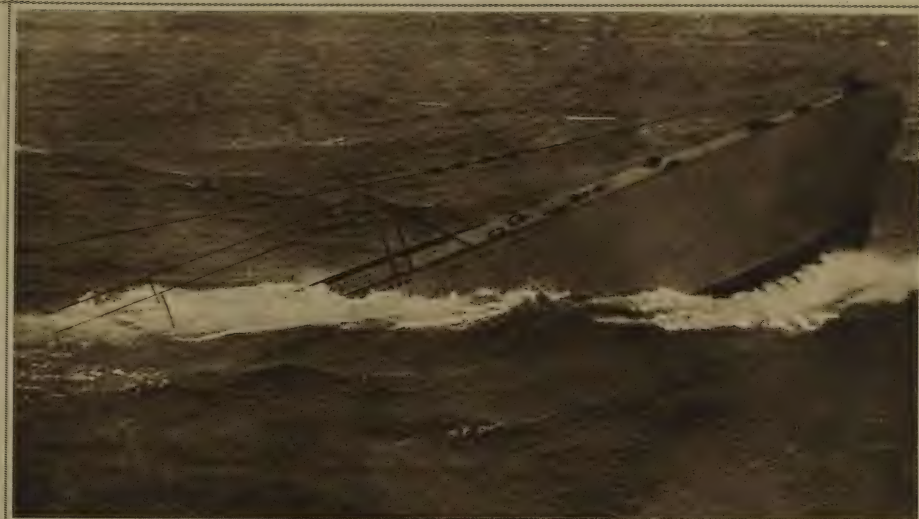
(Continued below.)



THE MOTOR ROOM, SEEN THROUGH AN OPENED HULLHEAD DOOR. WHEN THE DIESEL ENGINES, WHICH DRIVE THE BOAT ON THE SURFACE, ARE RUNNING, DOORS MUST BE KEPT OPEN OR THE ENGINES WOULD DRAIN ALL THE AIR OUT OF HER.



THE U-BOAT COMMANDER AT THE PERISCOPE, AS HE APPEARS TO HIS MEN ON THE DECK BELOW HIM. WHEN THE SIGHTS ARE ON THE TARGET THE TORPEDOES ARE FIRED FROM HERE.



SURFACING: THE U-BOAT'S TANKS HAVE BEEN BLOWN CLEAR BY COMPRESSED AIR AND HER MOTORS AND RUDDERS BRING HER BACK TO THE SURFACE AGAIN. HERE THE BOW IS JUST BREAKING WATER. THE BRITISH AND FRENCH NAVIES CONTINUE TO SINK U-BOATS AT THE RATE OF THREE OR FOUR A WEEK, AND THE U-BOAT MEN GO ABOUT THEIR HORRIBLE WORK IN AN ALL-PERVADING ATMOSPHERE OF DEATH.



A U-BOAT FLIES THE NAMES OF THE SHIPS SHE HAS SUNK UPON TROPHY PLACS WHEN IN PORT—TO, SUCH STRAITS IS THE NAZI NAVY REDUCED TO GET "BATTLE HONOURS."



A QUIET TIME: THE U-BOAT IS RESTING ON THE BOTTOM, AND THE OFFICERS ARE TAKING THE OPPORTUNITY TO WRITE-UP THEIR REPORTS. AT THE BACK CAN JUST BE SEEN THE CAPS OF TORPEDO-TUBES.

finale seem to indicate that German naval officers are not always happy in the rôle thrust upon them by the Nazis. What must be thought of a service which is reduced to flying flags bearing the names of the defenceless merchant ships they have sunk as marks of honour—as the U-boat is seen doing in one of the photographs on these pages? What a strange contrast between such "victories" and the daring exploits

of vessels like the "Salmon" and the "Urrula," illustrated elsewhere in this issue! These photographs are reproduced from a German periodical, where they are treated in a bombastic style. Thus the caption of the photograph of the U-boat submerging ends with the stirring remark: "Now it is a question of 'Charge the enemy!'" This order, *Ran an den feind*, echoes Scheer's famous order to the German battle-

cruisers at Jutland to make their death ride to cover the retirement of the High Seas Fleet and save it from annihilation. The difference between the shattered battle-cruisers charging the British Grand Fleet on a forlorn hope, and a U-boat "charging" a merchant ship is wide. Such bombast indicates the way in which Nazi propaganda attempts to conjure up a phantom of German sea power from

cowardly and inglorious operations. The trophy flags flown by the U-boat have been rendered illegible, but one of them bears a name that looks like that of a neutral vessel—a Greek name beginning with "Thrasyl..." Another may be that of the "Penn Ridge." But these ships do not go unavenged. "Who sails for England sails for heaven..." is a boat with a sinister second meaning for U-boat commanders.

THE END OF THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE": THE BLAZING WRECK OF THE RAIDER SCUTTLED BY HITLER'S ORDERS.

Drawn by C. E. Turner after a photograph transmitted by radio.



C.E. TURNER

AN ARTIST'S VIVID IMPRESSION OF THE AWESOME SCENE OFF MONTEVIDEO ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 17, WHEN GERMANY'S NEWEST 10,000-TON POCKET-BATTLESHIP "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE," WHOSE CONSTRUCTION COST £3,750,000, WAS SCUTTLED IN THE ESTUARY OF THE RIVER PLATE ON HITLER'S DIRECT ORDER; HER CREW HAVING BEEN TRANSFERRED PREVIOUSLY TO THE GERMAN CARGO-SHIP "TACOMA."

"As between internment and scuttling we have three reasons to be glad that Herr Hitler chose the latter," wrote Sir William Beveridge in a letter to *The Times* on December 21. "First, his choice shows him in a temper. . . . Second, subconscious expectation of final defeat. . . . Third, his action is an unintentional contribution to what should be the first of our peace aims—the permanent disarmament of Germany." Following her flight from three British cruisers—one severely damaged—of inferior tonnage and gun-power, into the protection of neutral waters, and her ejection by the Uruguayan

Government at Montevideo on December 17 at the expiry of the 72 hours allowed to render her seaworthy, the "Graf Spee" was scuttled by her crew five miles off the Uruguayan coast at 7.55 p.m. (local time). Before she sank there was a terrific explosion on board, which was heard by the thousands who had crowded the water-front on Montevideo harbour for hours before the doomed vessel cast her moorings and sailed to self-destruction. No doubt of her captain's intentions was left in the minds of any of the watchers who saw the ship slide into the sunset between the twin moles of the outer

harbour; for behind her trailed the warship's half-dozen motor-boats, while a couple of cables astern followed the German cargo-steamer "Tacoma," with decks white with the uniforms of seven hundred of the "Admiral Graf Spee's" crew of nine hundred transferred to the vessel before the pocket-battleship weighed anchor, the remainder being taken on board before the time-fuse which was to destroy her was set off. Captain Langsdorff, according to one report, stood in a launch at the salute as his ship blew up and settled in the shallow waters of the estuary, near the Recalada pontoon which marks

the entrance of the channel to Buenos Aires. Our picture shows the awesome scene after the first explosion, which broke the back of the battleship and started a further series of explosions as ammunition stores were ignited—looking at the port quarter of the ship and showing how the initial explosion, which occurred in the magazine beneath the aft turret, completely shattered the hull. The aft mast and signalling yards are shown canted over with the massive funnel. The fore-deck, however, escaped the full force of the explosion and was comparatively undamaged.

THE WAR WITH NAZI GERMANY: THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER PLATE.

By CYRIL FALLS.

A GENERAL Officer of my acquaintance was recently asked to write a series of articles on the present war, including the war at sea. Before dealing with the latter particular subject he betook himself to a department of the Admiralty from which news, and even doctrine, percolates. There he was received with traditional courtesy, which, however, turned to horrified amazement when he made his business known. "But are we to take it, Sir, that you are going to describe to the world the principles of British naval strategy and tactics?" He came away ashamed of his own presumption. How shall I venture in where he feared to tread? With much diffidence I shall attempt to do so, claiming only in support of my daring that I have studied the principles of naval warfare fairly closely and possibly know as much about them as most amateurs in that realm.

I must own that in the course of the last few weeks I have felt no anxiety more acute than that concerning the fate of our cruisers should they encounter one of the German pocket-battleships. It seemed to me more than probable that the German warship, if attacked—as all who know the Navy knew that she would be if opportunity offered—would sink one, two, and possibly even three cruisers. That would have constituted a serious moral as well as material reverse. The theory on which the "Admiral Graf Spee" and her sister-ships were constructed is interesting. In size they were scaled down to conform to the 10,000-ton limit of Article 190 of the Treaty of Versailles. But the German designers were men with brains, and they accomplished very much more than scaling down. These pocket-battleships, or exceptionally powerful armoured cruisers, were built in the hope that they would be able to escape from anything which they could not destroy. As such they were expected to prove ideal commerce-raiders. Their best speed is 26 knots, but steaming at a moderate rate they have an enormous range. Their major armament consists of six 11-inch guns in two turrets, and eight 5.9-inch guns, though of the latter only four can fire in either broadside. Still, though clever the designers may have been, they were not magicians. Something had to be sacrificed to pay for this remarkable combination of speed, cruising-range and hitting-power. The first sacrifice was in protection; for the armour is only four inches in thickness, and the deck only three inches over the vitals and less elsewhere. The second sacrifice was not intended. Their gunnery in peacetime was considered by observers to be rather inferior to the best German standards, and this was believed to be due to the vibration set up by the Diesel engines. I have been informed that when the big guns were firing at a considerable range the "spread" of the salvo fired by one of these ships was observed to be three times as great as the British Navy expected from guns of similar calibre. In the Battle of the River Plate, however, the German marksmanship was good, if inferior to the British.

After the defeated "Admiral Graf Spee" had fled from our cruisers to take refuge in a neutral harbour, the Germans talked of a fight waged by one against three, and even some of our own people with little knowledge of guns have wondered whether the odds were not in our favour. It is easy to show that they were not, by a long chalk; or, that if they were, it was only because of superior seamanship, gunnery, daring and probably also morale. You cannot count heads when assessing the fighting value of naval units unless weight of projectiles and range of guns are approximately equal. We are told that the

fleet of such and such a small country consists of so many vessels—let us say, twenty-three. It sounds a lot, yet if the "Hood" or the "Dunkerque" were to encounter this fleet either of them would probably sink the whole of it without herself suffering loss or damage. The British cruisers which defeated the "Admiral Graf Spee" were not designed to take on anything in that class. Let us see how they compare with their victim.

The "Exeter" mounts six 8-inch guns; the "Ajax" and "Achilles" each eight 6-inch guns. The weight of the projectile used in an 11-inch gun is something like seven times as great as that of a 6-inch and three times as great as that of an 8-inch, and the broadside of the German was over half as

short-range weapons. In fact, however, the battle did not begin on these lines. It is established that the "Exeter" bore the brunt of the combat alone for a period of some two hours and provided the opportunities of which the 6-inch-gun cruisers later took advantage. Her fight was magnificent, and so was her shooting. There was no question of her being ranked as a particularly good gunnery ship, for the simple reason that she was commissioning at home when war broke out, but her gunnery could not have been excelled. The battle, however, was won at least as much by tactics as by gunnery.

For the full story we shall have to wait a little longer; it may not, in fact, be worked out in all its detail until after the war. It has, however, been established that the "Ajax" (the flagship) and "Achilles" manoeuvred, in the words of the Naval Correspondent of *The Times*, like "frigates hanging on to ships of the line, firing into them at moments of advantage while escaping destruction by skill in manoeuvre." As a result of the combined action of the British ships the German was repeatedly holed, the gun-tower of her 5.9-inch guns on one side was overturned, and her fighting-tower was hit. She also suffered a fair number of casualties. But the damage done to the "Admiral Graf Spee" was not so great as that inflicted on her most formidable adversary, the "Exeter." Apart from the direct hits, the latter was riddled by fragments of shell which burst alongside. The steering-gear was damaged after the action had lasted just an hour, and for the remainder of the period during which she maintained it the captain conned the ship with a boat's compass and conveyed his orders through a chain of men to the after steering-wheel and the engine-room. By that time only one 8-inch gun remained in action, and it had to be fired by hand. Her casualties in personnel were higher than those of the "Admiral Graf Spee." To a triumph of gunnery and tactics we therefore have to add a triumph of morale.

The Battle of the River Plate will take its place with the most glorious secondary actions fought by the British Navy. The final scenes present a picture which will always fill a melancholy page in the annals of the German Navy. The story of the marvellous secrets which had to be preserved at all cost must be taken with a grain of salt; there was no reason why any secrets should have been discovered by us had the ship been interned for the duration of the war. The scuttling of the "Admiral Graf Spee" seems rather to have been a sort of pagan gesture, and as such possibly appears less ignominious in Nazi eyes than in ours. To each his own tradition. What has, however, struck neutral opinion so forcibly is the lack of confidence disclosed by this action. If the Germans hoped to win the war they could also hope to recover their fine ship when the war was over. The natural inference is that in no event did they expect to see her again.

Meanwhile, a whole ocean has been cleared, at least temporarily; for it has been proved that she was the only marauder at large in it. Whether the Americans are correct in their view that this fight proves the pocket-battleship to have been constructed on faulty principles is another matter. It may be so; yet a ship of this type remains capable of defeating three cruisers of the types with which the "Admiral Graf Spee" was engaged unless they display seamanship, gunnery, skill and valour to match those of the "Exeter," the "Ajax" and the "Achilles."



THE GALLANT SHIP "EXETER," WHICH BORE THE BRUNT OF THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE'S" FIRE, RETURNING IT SHOT FOR SHOT UNTIL ONLY ONE 8-IN. GUN COULD BE WORKED, AND THAT BY HAND. Five officers and fifty-six ratings of the cruiser "Exeter" lost their lives in the action with the "Admiral Graf Spee," and three officers and twenty ratings wounded. The ship's normal complement numbers 600. The "Exeter" bore the brunt of the early stages of the battle, gallantly returning the "Admiral Graf Spee's" fire, shot for shot, until only one 8-in. gun could be fired, and that by hand. The steering-gear became damaged; for 45 minutes Captain F. S. Bell conned the ship from the after-control position, using a boat's compass. Through a chain of ten sailors, orders were conveyed to the after-steering wheel and the engine-room, until the ship fell out of the action.

heavy again as that of the three cruisers combined. Without going into detail, it may be said that the pocket-battleship could completely outrange the cruisers, so that though the latter could employ their superior speed, at least four knots, for the purpose of manoeuvre, they could never reach their target without approaching within easy range of the big guns, to say nothing of having to encounter the fire of the "five-nines." It was only by taking fearful risks that they could ever hope to hit at all. Their tactics would obviously have to be what they, in fact, were, in the graphic words of the Uruguayan captain who witnessed the action—to worry their quarry as three terriers might worry a bull. Even this phrase is inadequate, because a bull's horns are

HOW BRITISH GUNS HIT THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE": PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MONTEVIDEO OF THE RAIDER AND HER CAPTAIN.



A PHOTOGRAPH FLOWN ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, SHOWING ONE OF THE GAPING HOLES TORN IN THE SIDE OF THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE" BY A DIRECT HIT FROM THE ATTACKING BRITISH WARSHIPS.



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH FROM MONTEVIDEO; GIVING A VIEW OF THE DAZZLE-PAINTED CONTROL TOWER OF THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE"; AND SHOWING THE DAMAGE SUSTAINED FROM SPLINTERS AND DIRECT HITS.



WITH RUMINATIVE MEMBERS OF HER CREW STANDING AT THE SHIP'S RAILS IN THE HARBOUR AT MONTEVIDEO: A VIEW OF THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE'S" HULL PEPPERED WITH HOLES ON AND NEAR THE WATER-LINE.



DRESSED IN TROPICAL WHITES AND WEARING HIS MEDAL-RIBBONS: AN EXCELLENT STUDY OF 45-YEAR-OLD CAPTAIN LANGSDORFF TAKEN IN MONTEVIDEO SHORTLY BEFORE THE SCUTTLING OF THE GERMAN RAIDER.

Many conflicting theories have been offered as reasons why the Germans chose to scuttle the "Admiral Graf Spee" rather than attempt an escape through the patrol of three British cruisers awaiting her outside the three-mile territorial limit at Montevideo, her late commander himself protesting that the time limit specified by the Uruguayan Government was not sufficient for the purpose of rendering his ship seaworthy. An interesting despatch from *The Times* correspondent at Montevideo, dated December 20, stated that, according to information received from a thoroughly trustworthy source, the "Admiral Graf Spee" was actually

seaworthy, but that the reason she could not fight was that two of her forward 11-in. guns and one starboard 5.9-in. gun were out of action, that five or six torpedo-tubes had been made useless through shell splinters striking upward and damaging them underneath, that the control tower had been so damaged that her range-finding was inaccurate and her firing-rate slow, and that she had only twenty-eight 11-in. shells left. From the pictures reproduced above, our readers may judge for themselves to some extent the punishment sustained by the "Admiral Graf Spee" in her historic running fight with the "Exeter," "Ajax" and "Achilles."

FRIGATES AND CRUISERS VERSUS BATTLESHIPS IN BRITISH NAVAL HISTORY.

By PROFESSOR SIR GEOFFREY CALLENDER, F.S.A., F.R.Hist. Soc., A.I.N.A.,
Director of the National Maritime Museum.



BY GENERAL CONSENT, THE FINEST FRIGATE CAPTAIN THAT EVER LIVED: SIR EDWARD PELLEW, AFTERWARDS LORD EXMOUTH, 1757-1833.

(Detail from the Mezzotint by Charles Turner, after Sir Thomas Lawrence.)

no sea-sense, no standard of sea chivalry, no restraints of maritime morale. For such an inexperienced aspirant to successful sea-campaigning, the "Admiral Graf Spee" was something completely new, something which would revolutionise the whole art of naval warfare; a new type with the battleship's strength and the cruiser's fleetness of foot.

If we eschew technicalities, which the ordinary citizen cannot be expected to memorise or even, perhaps, to master, the more powerful vessels built specially for war fall into two main categories: battleships and cruisers; or, as Nelson would have called them: sail of the line and frigates. In theory, the sail of the line could blow the frigates to pieces; but the frigates, the greyhounds of the fleet, could avoid destruction by using their speed to escape. To understand the functions and duties of the two categories, is, at the moment, less important than to realise that what was true of Nelson's ships is equally true of the battleships and cruisers of to-day. In theory, at least, the "Admiral Graf Spee" could tyrannise over the distant seas, so long as the British battleships, in duty bound, remained nearer home to guard the heart of Empire.

If Britannia had begun sea-ruling some seventy years ago, her sailors might possibly have accepted at its face value the doctrine which befogged the vision of those who planned the "Admiral Graf Spee" and placed her on the trade routes. But from the earliest hour in which the two main types of fighting-ships were first differentiated, the sea annals of this country bear record of the daring and skill of British frigates in accepting unequal combat with ships of the line. Three examples may be selected by way of proof.

In October 1747, Commodore Walker, cruising off the coast of the Peninsula, was standing out of Lagos Bay. He had under him a squadron of five frigates which, with a mixture of loyalty and wit, he called "The Royal Family." There was the "King George," which bore his broad pendant and mounted 32 guns; the "Prince Frederick" (26), the "Princess Amelia" (26), the "Duke" (20), and a small prize captured from the enemy and rechristened "Prince George." Off Cape St. Vincent, the "Cape of Surprises," Commodore Walker sighted a big ship. His own force was scattered. He had the minute "Prince George" in company; but of the rest, only the "Prince Frederick" was in sight. Yet he used his paces, not to

the water was smooth. The odds were all in favour of the battleship, which (in theory) had only to fight and win. Commodore Walker, although his ships were injured, kept up the chase all night; and next morning re-engaged the foe. Then the "Princess Amelia" came up, and the three plucky frigates flung themselves on the giant with new gusto.

Attracted by the noise of the firing, a stronger British frigate now came to the rescue, and endeavoured to head off the "Glorioso." She was the "Dartmouth," of 50 guns; plucky, but without the means of appreciating the situation. The "Glorioso" lashed out, and the "Dartmouth," with an uprush of volcanic flames, was destroyed by a single explosion. Unperturbed, and skilfully shepherding his own forces, Commodore Walker led on the dauntless "Royal Family," until victory, so long courted, declared itself in his favour. Round the "Cape of Surprises" came another sail; this time an English battleship which could oppose the "Glorioso" with equal force. Faced by this new predicament, the "Glorioso" recovered her sea perspective and, fighting nobly, as a battleship should, endured five hours' punishment before lowering her colours. All honour to the brave men who fought in her, and to her captors in H.M.S. "Russell"! But the true glory of this great encounter belongs to the handful of little frigates who instinctively acted in the spirit which their countrymen expected; their countrymen schooled in the tradition of Drake, Grenville and Blake.

Fifty years later, in January 1797, two British frigates, the "Indefatigable" (44 guns) and the "Amazon" (36),

destruction on her native shore. The opponents of the "Glorioso" looked to Providence to befriend them; the opponents of the "Droits de l'Homme," in weather bad enough to make discretion seem preferable to valour, calmly coaxed a great ship of the line to take her own valuable life.

A few years after this memorable affair (March 1800), the "Guillaume Tell" (80 guns), one of the only two battleships to escape from Nelson's lightning stroke at the Nile, determined to break away from Malta, then in Napoleon's possession, but blockaded by the British Fleet. Favoured by a southerly wind and a pitch-dark night, she weighed and ran out of harbour. Within an hour, she was spotted by the frigate "Penelope" (36 guns), which, with a single broadside, she could have sent to the bottom. But with

"inconceivable audacity" Captain Henry Blackwood hung on her skirts. He ran under her stern and gave this vulnerable spot his port broadside; then, with the neat footwork of a pugilist, checked his way, slewed round and gave her his other broadside; and by a quick alternation of right and left hooks harassed and tormented her. In the morning, the "Penelope" saw, to her delight, that she had brought down her antagonist's main and mizzen top-masts and main-yard. In plain language, she had held up the runaway, and so enabled the battleships "Lion" and "Foudroyant" to come up and engage. With the end in view, the "Guillaume Tell" fought honourably, as a battleship should. Indeed, she inflicted so much damage on the "Lion" and "Foudroyant" that both needed repairs; and to the gallant little "Penelope" was entrusted the task of towing the captured prize into harbour.

The Battle of Montevideo presents its own novel features; most conspicuous of all, perhaps, the audacious use of the defensive smoke-screen for purposes of attack. With novel features it combines the ancient but none the less delicious ruse of summoning imaginary ships to complete the ruin of the enemy's morale. Pocketed at Montevideo, the "Admiral Graf Spee" allowed her courage to ebb away, as the River Plate seemed to welcome first the French battleship "Dunkerque," then the battle-cruiser "Renown," and the aircraft-carrier "Ark Royal." How pleased would have been that great seaman, Adam, first Viscount Duncan, the victor of Camperdown! Was it not he who, in 1797, blockaded an entire fleet in the Texel with only the "Venerable" and "Adamant," while the witch-like frigate "Circe" on the skyline signalled openly to him that she could see the entire Channel Fleet coming at speed to his assistance?

From the instances cited, it will be seen that the British cruisers in the Battle of Montevideo upheld in memorable fashion the finest traditions of a noble heritage. Like



THE DEFEAT OF THE "GUILLAUME TELL" (80 GUNS), IN MARCH 1800, BY THE "PENELOPE" (36 GUNS; CENTRE), SHOWING ON RIGHT AND IN THE DISTANCE BRITISH BATTLESHIPS MAKING ALL SAIL TO ENSURE THE FRENCHMAN'S CAPTURE.

(From the Coloured Aquatint by J. Wills, after Nicholas Pocock.)

sighted a hostile battleship (74 guns) 120 miles west of Brest. The enemy was the "Droits de l'Homme," returning home after an abortive scheme for the invasion of Ireland. The British frigates, without hesitation, attempted to cut their opponent off from the land. The weather was thick and gloomy, and the wind was gathering to gale force: but the frigates used their pace to overtake the battleship, and then, under close-reefed topsails, engaged her. The "Indefatigable," with beautiful precision, ran

under her enemy's stern and raked her with terrible effect. So near did she pass that the enemy's ensign swept across her poop and was torn away by the British seamen. Then with "inconceivable audacity" the frigates executed an "incredible manœuvre," placing themselves one on either bow of their antagonist and tormenting her from key positions where they could inflict the maximum penalty without inevitable destruction. Their mighty opponent, distracted by these galling attentions, thought only of reprisal. Pellew (afterwards Lord Exmouth), the senior British officer, with a brain of fire packed in ice, was calculating every possibility. Early in the following morning he signalled by rockets to the "Amazon" "Danger ahead," and the two frigates turned from the encounter; the "Amazon" to the north, the "Indefatigable" to the south. Blind with fury, the "Droits de l'Homme" lashed out at the "Indefatigable" with her starboard broadside; and then, realising too late what her puny but subtle antagonists had been working for, with 1600 souls on board, was hurled by the merciless plunging seas to

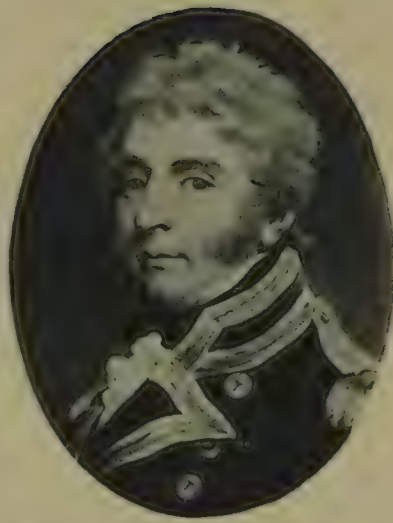


COMMODORE WALKER'S ASTONISHING ACTION WITH THE SPANISH BATTLESHIP "GLORIOSO" (74 GUNS) OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT IN 1747; SHOWING THE COMMODORE'S SHIP, THE "KING GEORGE" (32 GUNS; CENTRE) AND THE "PRINCE FREDERICK" (26 GUNS) COMING UP ON LEFT. (From the Line Engraving by Ravenel, after Charles Brooking.)

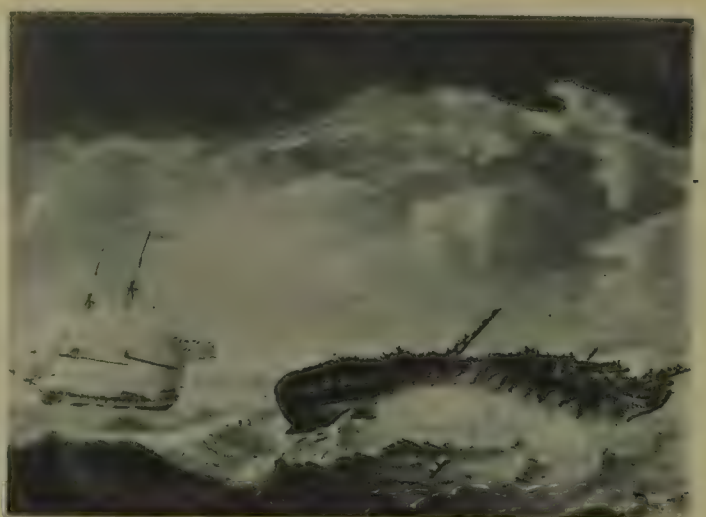
(Illustrations Reproduced by Courtesy of the National Maritime Museum.)

escape, but to overhaul the stranger, which turned out to be a mighty Spanish battleship, the "Glorioso," of 74 heavy guns. Many theories have been advanced to explain why the "Glorioso" did not instantly destroy Commodore Walker, in addition to mauling the "Prince George." None of these do justice to his incomparable seamanship and resource. He had signalled his squadron to chase; and when the "Prince Frederick" came up, the superb "Glorioso" turned tail and fled. The weather was fine,

culating every possibility. Early in the following morning he signalled by rockets to the "Amazon" "Danger ahead," and the two frigates turned from the encounter; the "Amazon" to the north, the "Indefatigable" to the south. Blind with fury, the "Droits de l'Homme" lashed out at the "Indefatigable" with her starboard broadside; and then, realising too late what her puny but subtle antagonists had been working for, with 1600 souls on board, was hurled by the merciless plunging seas to



THE PRINCIPAL FRIGATE CAPTAIN DURING THE TRAFALGAR CAMPAIGN: SIR HENRY BLACKWOOD (1770-1832). (Detail from the Hoppner Portrait.)



THE END OF THE "DROITS DE L'HOMME" (74 GUNS) IN 1797, MANŒUVRED ON TO THE SHALLOWS BY TWO BRITISH FRIGATES SHOWING COMMODORE PELLEW (LATER VISCOUNT EXMOUTH) SIGNALLING "DANGER AHEAD" BY ROCKET FROM THE "INDEFATIGABLE" (44 GUNS) TO THE "AMAZON." (From the Aquatint by and after Robert Dodd.)

Commodore Walker's "Royal Family," they accepted the challenge of a theoretically invincible foe; like Pellew and Blackwood, they pitted against a giant's brute force an unmatched sea-sense; and finally, like the "Indefatigable" and "Amazon," they so bemused the giant's wits that, with no desire for suicide, she ingloriously accepted the "happy dispatch." There was an Ajax and an Achilles at Troy, and an Exeter at Agincourt. The British cruisers have, indeed, lent new lustre to illustrious names.

NAZI SCUTTLINGS: THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE" AND THE "COLUMBUS."



GERMANY'S THIRD LARGEST LINER SCUTTLED TO AVOID CAPTURE, IN THE ATLANTIC NORTH OF BERMUDA: THE "COLUMBUS" (32,581 TONS), THE EIGHTEENTH GERMAN MERCHANTMAN TO SINK HERSELF. THE "COLUMBUS" HAD TAKEN REFUGE IN MEXICAN WATERS AT THE OUTBREAK OF WAR. (S. and G.)



ANOTHER HISTORIC WIRELESS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING CAPTAIN LANGSDORFF, WEARING HIS IRON CROSS AND SURROUNDED BY SMILING MEMBERS OF HIS CREW, ABOUT TO DISEMBARK ON ARRIVAL AT BUENOS AIRES. (A.P.)



A FOUR MILLION POUNDS BATTLESHIP, THE PRIDE OF THE GERMAN NAVY AND PEOPLE, GOES UP IN FLAMES AND SMOKE: A RADIOED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCUTTLED "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE" ON FIRE IN THE ESTUARY OF THE RIVER PLATE. (British Official Photograph.)



CAPTAIN LANGSDORFF'S FAREWELL TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE" IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ARGENTINE NAVAL ARSENAL AT BUENOS AIRES, WHERE HE SECRETLY ADDRESSED THEM BEFORE SHOOTING HIMSELF. (Planet.)



"I AM SATISFIED. I SAVED ALL MY MEN": THE TRAGIC END OF A GERMAN COMMANDER WHO FOUGHT AT JUTLAND: CAPTAIN LANGSDORFF'S LYING-IN-STATE, WITH TWO FELLOW-OFFICERS AS GUARDS. (Planet.)

Hitler's scuttling policy reached its apogee with the end of the "Admiral Graf Spee," and the subsequent suicide of her Commander, Captain Langsdorff. German naval prestige has sunk lower than at any moment since the beginning of the war; everywhere, in neutral countries as well as in England and France, people are asking if to scuttle such a ship, rather than intern her when, to a Germany victorious after the war, she would still be available, does not indicate a present acceptance of future defeat. The scuttling of merchant ships is in a different

category: Germany naturally does not want our merchant fleet increased. Nevertheless, the scuttling on December 19 of such a ship as the "Columbus" made a big impression abroad. Even the general director of the North-German Lloyd line in New York, on hearing of the disaster, said: "It's one blow after another." It need hardly be observed that the clarity of the radioed photographs on this page necessarily falls short of our usual standard of reproduction; but lack of clarity is more than counterbalanced by historic import.

THE FRIEND OF THE BEAVER-FOLK.

"HALF-BREED": By LOVAT DICKSON.*

An appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE books which "Grey Owl" wrote in his later years had a great and deserved circulation here, and his personality fascinated audiences when he toured Britain as a lecturer. He was lean, aquiline, burnt copper; his straight black hair hung in plaits; and even the Indian costume which he wore (and in which Sir John Lavery admirably painted him) was



THE "SATISFACTORY PUPIL" AT HASTINGS GRAMMAR SCHOOL WHO WAS LATER TO BECOME FAMOUS AS "GREY OWL," THE RED INDIAN NATURALIST AND PROTECTOR OF WILD LIFE: ARCHIE BELANEY, AGED ABOUT THIRTEEN.

(Photographs Reproduced from "Half-Breed"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Peter Davies.)

scarcely necessary to carry off his story that he was the son of a man named MacNeill and an Apache woman. Just as he had obtained the world's ear, and it seemed that he might do unique work in the preservation of wild life (for his taming of beavers had led to an appointment in a National Park in Saskatchewan), with an enthusiastic backing won by his writings, he died, alone, in his cabin by the lake.

Then a rumpus started. The newspapers discovered that "Grey Owl" had aunts living at Hastings; that he had been at school there; and that his name was Archie Belaney. His English publisher, Mr. Lovat Dickson (who has now written an affectionate, vivid and exciting biography of him), loyally defended his veracity, and found it impossible to believe that he was not the half-Indian that all Canada accepted him to be. A persistent belief that this must somehow be true lingers in the title of his book, and in many references to "Grey Owl's" mixed blood. He even seems to find it difficult to believe that one who "might have said he was an Englishman, born of white parents, in a respectable English seaside town," should have pretended to be a half-breed: "It was no romantic imagination that led him to do that, for amongst Indians, as amongst other races, the half-breed has no enviable reputation."

For myself, that doesn't present much difficulty. Belaney is not the first boy who has been romantic about Red Indians, though as a rule the young

enthusiast lacks the opportunity and the determination to go and live amongst them. "Grey Owl" does not seem to have been in the least handicapped in Canada by being thought a half-breed. It is certain that, after years with Indians, and two marriages with Indian girls, he felt like an Indian. And there was sufficient mystery about his father's wanderings in America and the origin of his mother to give him a basis for thinking what he wished to be true, without any talk of "mendacity" or "hoaxes." But his mother is still living in England, and it is not suggested that anybody here suspects her of being an Apache; and, unless further positive evidence can be produced, we must continue to think that he was, metaphorically rather than literally, a half-breed, thinking none the worse of a brave and noble character because he deceived himself in one regard.

He was born at Hastings in 1888; reached the snakes, rabbits and field-naturalist stage early; went to the local grammar school; was photographed in an Eton suit (an amusing contrast to his later garments); was put for six months in an estate-agent's office, and, at sixteen, insisted on being allowed to go to Canada with clothes and a small sum of money. In Canada (except for three years in the trenches, where he was wounded and gassed) he spent the remainder of his days.

His first year as a greenhorn is admirably described, as he gradually learned the trades and dangers of the country, met prospectors, guides and trappers, mastered the art of canoeing in those difficult waters. After a year he was hardened, and already showed his propensity for Indians. "Mr. Guppy has recorded that he thought he was twenty-three or twenty-four; actually he was seventeen. His skin was the same colour as that of an Indian. His hair was long, and he had begun to wear mocassins." There came a time before long when he was taken to an Indian village whence his first wife fled with him. As he left: "On either bank of the river the trees rose in serried ridges until their tops seemed to brush the diamond-bright stars that shone brilliantly in the cold night, while ahead of them the Northern Lights wreathed fantastically against the horizon. Except for the yapping and the maniac howls in the background there was no sound but the swish of their snowshoes in the snow. Civilisation, towns, the

extinction before, the advancement of civilisation. But a people proud and far-seeing, who knew that Nature and Man would last an equal time, and that it was undignified as well as unwise to take more of the fruits of the earth than one needed, or to ask more of Nature than she need yield to keep one alive. They were the wise people, those on that



THE CAUSE OF "GREY OWL'S" TURNING FROM TRAPPING BEAVERS TO TAMING THEM: HIS WIFE ANAHAREO, WHO HATED THE SUFFERING OF ANIMALS, AT BEAVER LODGE, ON AJAWAAN LAKE.



AFTER THE VOW HAD BEEN TAKEN NEVER TO TAKE ANOTHER BEAVER'S LIFE: "GREY OWL" WITH JELLY ROLL, SO CALLED BECAUSE OF HER GAIT, THE FUTURE "QUEEN OF THE BEAVER PEOPLE."

(By Courtesy of National Parks of Canada.)

rustle and hurry of men toiling, might have been on another planet, so far did it seem from the still and frozen night that cupped in this savage, silent world. What he had seen that afternoon was time and a people standing still. Not a people abject, defeated, purposeless, even though they were doomed to

pine-covered rocky island, who lived their lives naturally; if without hope for the future, without fear of it too."

Thereafter he lived mainly with Indians and wild things. It was the horror of Anahareo, the Indian girl and mother of his child, at the cruelty of trapping which made him vow to trap no more. It was that resolve that threw him back on writing, and developed the uncanny gift he had of taming animals so undomesticated as the beaver and the moose. Even those who have already read his delightful books will find Mr. Dickson's account of those days by the lake-side with the wild things still fresh, charming and surprising. His life and work will permanently enrich Canada and the Canadian soul.

Mr. Dickson's book is written very well, and with a loving sympathy which never becomes mawkish, and is refreshing in a time when biographers so often affect an amused and superior attitude towards their subjects. His descriptions of forest, river and lake, summer and winter, bird and beast, in the vast Canadian wilderness are quite enough to set more young men in the tracks of Archie Belaney, in spite of the frequent reminders of the qualities of endurance which that wilderness demands. His photographs, of places, Indians and beavers, are excellent. But I wish he had given a map marking the spots he mentions as having been visited by Belaney. Not all his wanderings are described. Years at a time are skipped when he was trapping; there is probably

no evidence as to where he was; he may have gone far afield. So far as this book shows, until his last transference to the Parks in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, he was resident in Ontario and Quebec, at one time in that part of Quebec which lies south of the St. Lawrence and can hardly be described as "the Northland."

* "Half-Breed." The Story of "Grey Owl" (Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin). By Lovat Dickson. Illustrated. (Peter Davies; ros. 6d.)

WITH THE FINNISH ARMY IN THEIR GALLANT FIGHT AGAINST RUSSIA.



A RED ARMY BOMBER SHOT DOWN BY THE FINNS ON THE KARELIAN FRONT—SHOWING THE THICK SNOW COLLECTED ON THE MACHINE DURING FLIGHT AND AFTER ITS CRASH. CASES HAVE OCCURRED OF SOVIET AIRMEN WHO HAVE FLOWN THEIR MACHINES TO FINNISH AERODROMES AND SURRENDERED THEM. (A.P.)



A REGIMENT OF FINNISH SOLDIERS ON SKIS ADVANCING TO MEET THE BOLSHIEV HORDES WHO, DESPITE FRENZIED ATTACKS AND INTENSIVE ARTILLERY BARRAGES, HAVE NOWHERE SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING THROUGH THE MANNERHEIM LINE. (Wide World.)



DEPRIVING THE INVADERS OF QUARTERS OR SHELTER: A SOLDIER PREPARING TO SET FIRE TO A HOME IN THE FIGHTING AREA. (A.P.)



A CHRISTMAS-CARD SCENE WITH A GRIM UNDERTONE: A WHITE-UNIFORMED DEFENDER OF FINLAND AMID SNOW-CLAD PINE-TREES. (Keystone.)



A WHITE-CLOAKED SOLDIER OF THE FINNISH ARMY, WHICH, UNAIDED, HAS HEROICALLY THROWN BACK THE FULL FURY OF THE RED INVASION. (Planet.)



WITH FINGERS BARED TO THE BITTER COLD: FINNISH ANTI-TANK GUNNERS IN THE SNOW, WITH THE GUN CAMOUFLAGED AND THE ARTILLERYMEN WEARING THEIR DECEPTIVE CLOAKS—AN OFFICER IN THE BACKGROUND. (Wide World.)



AN ANTI-TANK GUN CREW, CAMOUFLAGED IN UNISON WITH THEIR SURROUNDINGS, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THEIR TRENCH IN THE MANNERHEIM LINE. FINNISH ANTI-TANK GUNS HAVE TAKEN HEAVY TOLL ON THIS FRONT. (Keystone.)

Joseph Vassaronovitch Djughashvili, now known to the world as "Stalin," who has covered his name with infamy by the Bolshevik invasion of Finland, received for his sixtieth birthday on December 21 the Order of Lenin and the title of "Hero of the Socialist Revolution." The birthday gift he did not receive, but which had apparently been promised to him by his military advisers, was the submission of heroic Finland, whose army has, since the start of the Bolshevik invasion on November 30, inflicted on the Russians the severest defeats they have experienced under the present régime. On the very day of the Stalin celebrations

It was announced on the wireless that a further two Red divisions had been annihilated, with the destruction or capture of a hundred more tanks, and that the vallant Finns had actually launched a counter-attack and regained ground in the northern sector near Salla! "Despite wave after wave of Russian attacks," it was announced, "the invading armies have nowhere penetrated to the Mannerheim Line." The latest reports, as we write, speak of the Finns bombing the Murmansk railway, upon which the Russian northern front largely depends. If this operation is successful it should exercise a profound effect on the campaign.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS: THE CANADIANS REACH ENGLAND.



MR. GEORGE EUMORFOPOULOS.
Died December 19; aged seventy-six. One of the greatest collectors of Chinese porcelain and other works of Oriental art. In 1935 he allowed his collection to be purchased for the British and the Victoria and Albert Museums at a price much below its market value.



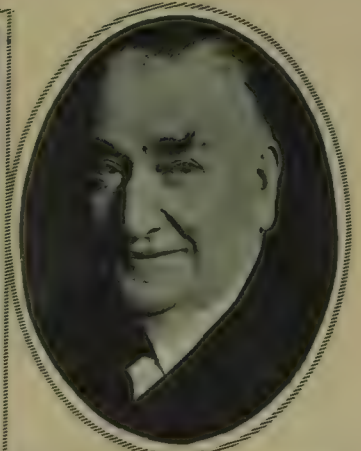
MR. A. W. GOTCH BERRILL.
Managing director of Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., the great firm of newsagents; and one of the most notable figures in British publishing and paper industries. Died December 16; aged fifty-one. Widely travelled and well known throughout the Empire.



MRS. RUDYARD KIPLING.
Mrs. Rudyard Kipling died on December 19, aged seventy-three. An American by birth, she married the famous writer in 1892, when he was twenty-six. The only son of the marriage, John Kipling, was killed while serving at Loos in 1915.



LORD ERNEST HAMILTON.
Died December 14; aged eighty-one. Sixth son of the first Duke of Abercorn. M.P. for North Tyrone, 1885-92. Well known as the author of "Forty Years On," "The First Seven Divisions," and other books of memoirs and adventure. Formerly Captain, 11th Hussars.



SIR DENISON ROSS.
Director, School of Oriental Studies, London Institution, and Professor of Persian in the University of London, 1916-37. Is to go to Istanbul to assist in the development of Anglo-Turkish relations. Will hold honorary diplomatic rank of Counsellor at the British Embassy.



SIR EDWARD WILSHAW, PRESIDENT OF CABLE AND WIRELESS, LTD., PRESENTED WITH K.C.M.G. INSIGNIA SUBSCRIBED FOR BY 10,000 EMPLOYEES OF THE COMPANY.

On December 18 Sir Edward Wilshaw, chairman of Cable and Wireless, Ltd., was presented by the general manager, the Hon. Jocelyn Denison-Pender, with a replica of the K.C.M.G. star in diamonds and rubies set in platinum, together with an album containing an illuminated address and the signatures—including thumb-marks—of 10,000 members of the Company's staff in all parts of the world.



CONFIDENT OF VICTORY: MR. CHAMBERLAIN SHAKING HANDS WITH M. DALADIER ON LEAVING THE MEETING OF THE SUPREME WAR COUNCIL IN PARIS.

A meeting of the Supreme War Council was held in Paris on December 19 to take "such decisions as were required to make the best use of the means of action at the joint disposal of the two countries in the diplomatic and military spheres." The Premier, Lord Halifax, Lord Chatfield, the British Ambassador, General Ironside, and Sir Alexander Cadogan attended.



THE FIRST OFFICIAL WOMAN ARTIST ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MISS GWEN LE GALLIENNE, WITH WAR CORRESPONDENT'S STATUS.

Miss Gwen Le Gallienne, daughter of the well-known poet and author, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, is the first woman artist to be sent by the War Office to the Western Front, where she will enjoy a status equal to that of a war correspondent. In our photograph Miss Le Gallienne, who intends to go as near the front line as possible, is shown at work in her studio.



MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH AND BRITISH NAVAL STAFFS, INCLUDING ADMIRAL DARLAN, IN CONFERENCE AT THE ADMIRALTY ON DECEMBER 20.

In the above photograph, taken in the Conference Room of the Admiralty in Whitehall on December 20, Admiral Darlan (fourth from the left), accompanied by other French naval officers of high rank, is seen in conference with the Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff, Rear-Admiral T. S. V. Phillips, and British naval authorities. Admiral Darlan, who crossed the Channel in a French destroyer, landed at Portsmouth on December 20.



STAFF OFFICERS OF THE FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT: INCLUDING MAJOR-GENERAL MCNAUGHTON (LEFT); AND LIEUTENANT THE HON. J. N. S. BUCHAN (RIGHT).

The first contingent of the Canadian Expeditionary Force arrived in Great Britain on December 17, under the command of Major-General Andrew G. L. McNaughton. Next to Major-General McNaughton in this photograph is seen Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Hill, D.A.P.M.; an Assistant Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; and on the right is the Hon. J. N. S. Buchan, son of Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada.

A MIGHTY ENTREPÔT OF ANCIENT CIVILISATIONS:

THE NORTH SYRIAN KINGDOM OF UGARIT AS A CENTRE
OF INTELLECTUAL LIFE IN THE SECOND MILLENNIUM B.C.,
WITH ÆGEAN MEETING EGYPTIAN INFLUENCES.

By PROFESSOR CLAUDE F. A. SCHAEFFER, Director of the French Archaeological Expedition to Ras Shamra; Assistant Curator of the French National Museums.
(See Illustrations on succeeding pages. Photographs supplied by the Author.)

In our issues of Dec. 2 and 9, Sir Leonard Woolley described recent discoveries at the ancient Hittite city of Alalakh. This week, his allied "opposite number" in North Syria, the eminent French archaeologist Professor Claude Schaeffer—a name familiar to our readers from his many previous contributions on the subject—writes of another ancient site in the region, which also constituted one of the most important channels between the great civilisations of the ancient Orient—the famous tell of Ras Shamra, site of the Baal-worshipping capital of the ancient kingdom of Ugarit. Here the latest excavations have brought to light further striking evidence of close contact with Egyptian and Ægean cultures, and particularly with Cretan commerce. The article will be concluded in a forthcoming issue, when Professor Schaeffer will speak of further unique discoveries, including copper statuettes revealing a totally new art, and the most ancient steel battle-axe actually known. (Our eminent contributor's first article on Ras Shamra appeared as far back as Nov. 2, 1929. Of his later work at the tell, comprehensive descriptive and pictorial accounts will be found in our issues for April 27, 1935; Feb. 22 and 29, 1936; and Feb. 20, 1937 respectively.)

THE ninth campaign of excavations at Ras Shamra was crowned by particularly fortunate discoveries. The French civil and military authorities in Syria and the Government of Latakia greatly facilitated the excavations and movements of the French Archaeological Mission. As shown by the aerial photograph reproduced here-with, digging was carried out in a quarter of the ancient city grouped round the great consecrated sanctuary to Baal and Dagon, and also in the already explored region situated north-west from the tell, where we identified the official quarter of the capital.

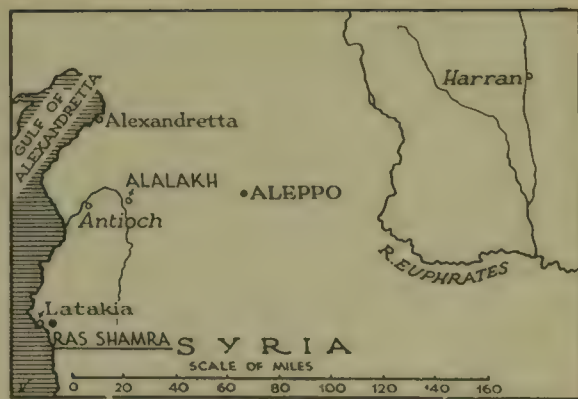
The north-eastern quarters of Ugarit, consisting of numerous houses, spacious and well built, dating from the fifteenth to the thirteenth centuries before the Christian era, yielded a considerable quantity of ceramics, bronze arms and implements, cylinders, seals and ornaments of all kinds. Here also were recovered many alphabetic and Akkadian cuneiform tablets, one of which confirms the importance of the manufacture of purple at Ugarit. Two texts found in the same place, which have so far proved undecipherable, are in the Hurrite language.

Lower still, an important quarter of the town of the Eleventh Level of Ras Shamra has revealed habitations, built also of stone, but generally of more modest dimensions, raised during the nineteenth and seventeenth centuries B.C.; that is to say, during the epoch, still so obscure in the history of the ancient Orient, of which the chief event was the conquest of Lower Egypt by the Hyksos. Each of the houses contains in its basement a vault, in which the

members of the family were successively buried. The installations for the libations to the deceased persons comprise fountains and stone offertory tables, fixed in the floor, under which was found the entrance to the vault.

We had the good fortune to discover five of these vaults in an intact state, still closed, and one of them containing, outside the stone door, offerings placed there after the last burial, which took place not less than 3700 years ago. Certain of the vaults contained no fewer than twenty skeletons, the most ancient having been deposited secretly by a tomb-servant in the burial chamber. The latest burials took place on the ground, and were surrounded by funerary offerings which formed veritable accumulations. The funerary objects of the first burials were piled generally in the angles of the vault and their stratification provided extremely precious evidence for the chronology of the ceramic and bronze work of this epoch.

In one of the houses, a double vault had been built, particularly well constructed with dressed stone corbelling, and covered with heavy flagstones of limestone serving as the ceiling of the funerary chamber, of a rectangular plan. Among the vases accumulated in the vault we discovered many imitations of pottery of an Ægean type, probably Cretan, manufactured by the original colonists to the country and installed at Ugarit, which became one of the



A MAP OF NORTHERN SYRIA, SHOWING THE SITUATION OF THE TELL OF RAS SHAMRA, SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF UGARIT.

north-west of the vast tell of Ras Shamra, facing the sea and the ancient port of Ugarit. Here, in the middle of the Second Millennium, rose the official and aristocratic quarters of the capital whose buildings—with their architecture in fine dressed stone and their luxurious installations—reflect the prosperity and the remarkable development of a civilisation of which, after a few years, none would have suspected the existence.

One of the buildings excavated here was the residence of a high personage of the Court at Ugarit, probably the Queen's chamberlain, according to a text found in one of the rooms. For this functionary the Queen's major-domo freed with special ceremonial one of her Majesty's slaves, and gave her in marriage to one of the chamberlain's friends. In this building we found a warehouse containing many heavy ingots of argentiferous lead, as well as a workshop provided with a press for olives and raisins, the cultivation of which was very developed at Ugarit. An ingenious system of pipes ensured the carrying away of the liquids beneath the ground and across the foundations to a vast main sewer, a veritable subterranean walled tunnel, through which the sanitary installations were also run off.

In a well excavated here we found a minuscule statuette in ivory representing the portrait of one of the ladies of the high society of Ugarit,

whose features reveal intelligence and distinction. Under the floor of a central part of this vast building was installed the funerary vault, of exceptional dimensions, constructed in cut stones with corbelled arch. Several orifices allow of the pouring of libations from the exterior into the cellar without the need to open the *dromos*, or door.

To the east of this luxurious habitation we began to bring to light a building of no less importance, one of whose chambers has already yielded a treasure of pendants representing the goddess of fecundity, and also a diversity of pearls, and amulets in gold, electrum and lapis-lazuli. This treasure was contained in a painted pitcher of Mycenaean origin dating from the middle of the fourteenth century B.C., the epoch in which the city was troubled by the pressure exercised by the Hittites, which caused the hoarding and burial of precious objects at Ugarit.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF ONE OF THE OLDEST CITY SITES IN THE WORLD: THE TELL OF RAS SHAMRA, THE ANCIENT UGARIT, PHOTOGRAPHED LOOKING TOWARDS THE COAST.

The sections numerically identified are: (1) Tell limits; (2) Eastern quarter; (3) South-eastern quarter; (4) Quarter of Hyksos epoch; (5) Clearance débris; (6) Temple of Baal and guardian's house; (7) Temple of Dagon; (8) Treasure of *statets*; (9) Gold vases; (10) North branch of the *nahr*; (11) South branch; (12) Track to Lattakia; (13) Lattakia; (14) Lattakia bay; (15) Orchards of Ras Shamra; (16) Military camp during excavations; (17) and (18) Royal riding school and stable; (19) Old track between Ras Shamra and Minet-el-Beida; (20) Residence of Queen's Chamberlain; (21-25) East and South-east quarters, not yet excavated.

centres for Cretan commerce in the Orient. Some vases in stone and alabaster of Egyptian origin deposited in the same tomb show that the commerce with Egypt was very active during the same epoch.

The finds made in the quarters of the town contemporaneous with the Hyksos reveal the important fact that at the epoch which, for Egypt as well as for Asia Minor, constitutes one of the saddest and most sombre ages of their history, the kingdom of Ugarit, on the contrary, enjoyed real prosperity. It came to be one of the centres of expansion of northern Syria, where were born those movements which, in the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries B.C., broke the hegemony of the ancient powers of Egypt and Babylonia. The finds at Ras Shamra demonstrate that the Hurrite element played a rôle of the first importance in these events.

But the most important discoveries to record of this ninth expedition were made on the extreme

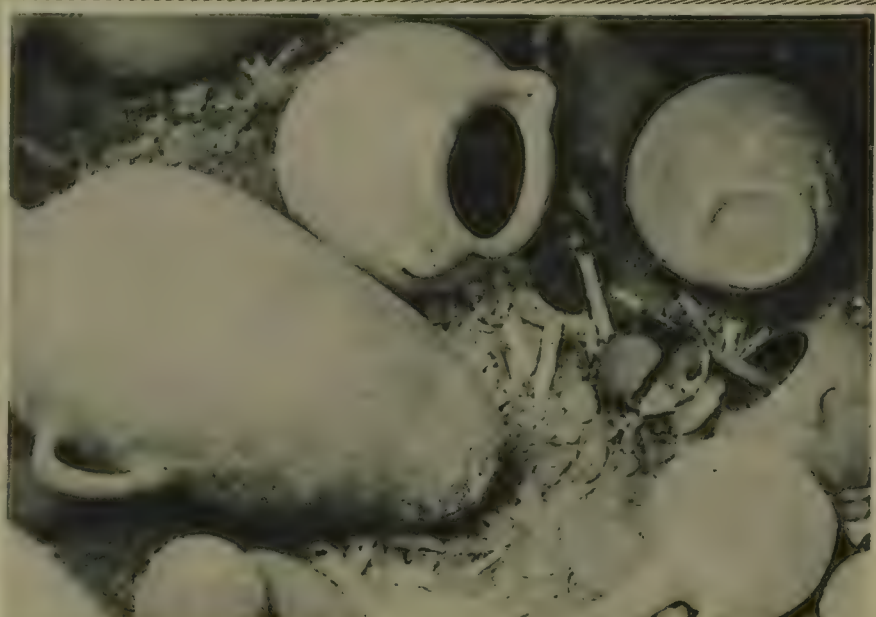
HISTORY FROM FAMILY VAULTS: BURIAL SERIES TELL THE STORY OF UGARIT.



A REMARKABLE FEATURE OF ANCIENT UGARIT WAS THE "FAMILY VAULTS" WHERE THE BODIES OF THEIR ANCESTORS REPOSED BELOW THE DWELLING-PLACES OF THE LIVING: ON THE LEFT IS SEEN THE DOORWAY OF ONE OF THESE VAULTS AS IT WAS LEFT BY THE FAMILY IN THE SEVENTEENTH-SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C., WITH THE SILVER VASES CONTAINING THE LAST OFFERINGS TO THE DEAD STILL BEFORE THE DOOR. ON THE RIGHT A VAULT IS BEING OPENED BY NATIVE WORKERS WATCHED BY A FRENCH ARCHÆOLOGIST.



THE FAMILY VAULTS HAD ORIFICES IN THEIR ROOFS THROUGH WHICH LIBATIONS WERE POURED TO THE DEAD. THE ROOF OF A VAULT WITH SUCH ORIFICES IS SEEN IN THE CENTRE ILLUSTRATION. ROUND EACH SUCCESSIVE BURIAL WERE LAID A WEALTH OF FUNERARY OBJECTS, VASES, ARMS AND TOOLS, SUCH AS ARE SEEN IN THE RIGHT-HAND ILLUSTRATION. ON THE LEFT IS SEEN THE ENTRANCE TO A FUNERARY VAULT.



THE SUCCESSIVE DEPOSITS IN THE FAMILY VAULTS OF UGARIT PROVIDE MOST PRECIOUS CHRONOLOGICAL DATA, AND INFORMATION ABOUT CHANGES OF STYLE AND CULTURE, AS ONE GENERATION AFTER ANOTHER LAID ITS PRIZED POSSESSIONS BESIDE THE DEAD. IN THE LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH THE PILE OF FUNERARY VASES IS STILL COVERED WITH THE DUST AND FINE EARTH ACCUMULATED IN THE COURSE OF THE AGES; ON THE RIGHT SOME OF THE VASES ARE SEEN WITH THE DUST ALREADY REMOVED.

The ancient tombs discovered at Ugarit—or Raš Shamra, to give it its modern name—this year have yielded not only magnificent examples of pottery, showing the Middle Minoan influence (proof of the spread of the Knossos arts), bronze arms and implements, cylinders and seals, but also many alphabetic and Akkadian cuneiform

clay tablets, which incidentally stress the importance of the local purple industry, and generally give witness to the active cultural and intellectual life of this great *entrepôt* of Near Eastern civilisations more than a thousand years before the Greece of Pericles, and at the time of the conquest of Lower Egypt by the Hyksos.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR C. F. A. SCHAEFFER. (SEE ARTICLE ON PRECEDING PAGE.)

THE STONES OF UGARIT YIELD UP THE CITY'S HISTORY: LIGHT ON THE HOME LIFE AND THE BELIEFS OF 1500-1400 B.C.



AN IVORY FIGURINE (1500-1400 B.C.) REPRESENTING A SOCIETY LADY OF UGARIT (RAS SHAMRA), THE CAPITAL OF AN ANCIENT SYRIAN KINGDOM WHICH PLAYED A LEADING PART IN HIGH ANTIQUITY.



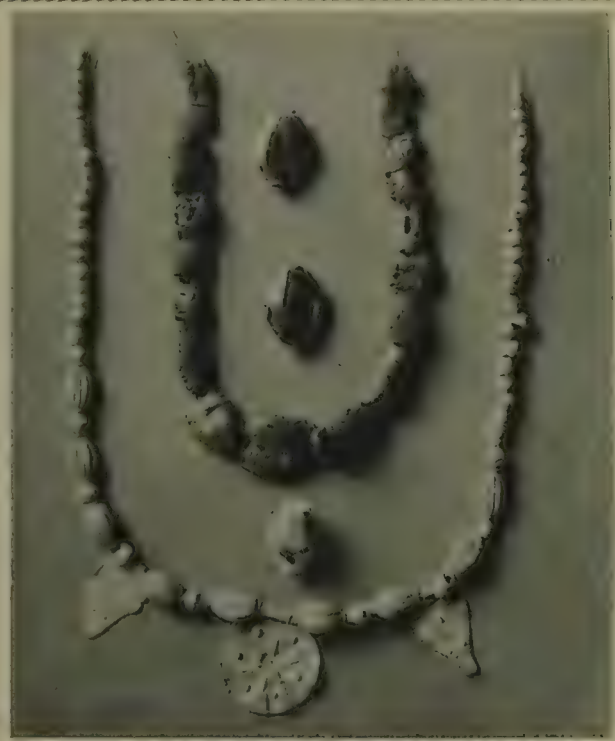
TWO PYXIDES OF ÆGEAN TYPE, PAINTED IN RED (NINETEENTH-SEVENTEENTH CENTURY B.C.): EXAMPLES OF TOMB FURNITURE ILLUSTRATING THE INFILTRATION OF ÆGEAN CULTURE AT UGARIT, WHICH HAD AN IMPORTANT MINOAN COLONY.



PENDANTS IN GOLD AND ELECTRUM, REPRESENTING ASTRAL SIGNS, INCLUDING THE CRESCENT MOON, AND ASTARTE, GODDESS OF FECUNDITY (1400 B.C.).



EGYPTIAN AND ÆGEAN INFLUENCE IN UGARIT: (ABOVE) VASE OF EGYPTIAN ALABASTER; (BELOW) AN IMITATION OF IMPORTED MIDDLE MINOAN "BRIDGE SPOUT" VESSELS.



HOW UGARIT'S CITIZENS ADORNED THEMSELVES: A GOLD COLLAR, INCLUDING ASTRAL AND ASTARTE PLAQUES; AND BEADS OF AMBER AND CORNELIAN.



A CERAMIC FORM INSPIRED BY INFLUENCE FROM THE ÆGEAN, AS SHOWN IN THE PAINTED DECORATION: A PITCHER OF 1800-1700 B.C.



TWO BRONZE CUPS (1500 B.C.) MENTIONED IN AN UGARIT CITIZEN'S WILL. SUCH A WILL, WRITTEN IN CUNEIFORM ON COPPER, WAS ILLUSTRATED BY US IN OUR ISSUE OF FEBRUARY 20, 1937.



A COMPANION PITCHER TO THAT SHOWN IN THE LOWER LEFT-HAND ILLUSTRATION; ALSO BETRAYING ÆGEAN INFLUENCE IN THE PAINTED DECORATION. (FROM TOMB LVII.)

Our readers will doubtless have gathered from the profusely illustrated and detailed series of articles by Professor Schaeffer which have appeared at intervals in our pages since the beginning of excavations in 1929 that the tell of Ras Shamra is one of the most important archæological sites at present under expert investigation.

Indeed, as reference to most recent archæological works will demonstrate, the astonishing discoveries made there have coloured all archæological research in the Near East in the past decade. Confirmation of the importance of the site is newly provided by the finds illustrated above.

SHOULD THE BOMBER COME—FORMS OF AIR-RAID

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED



BUCKINGHAM TRAFALGAR SQUARE—WITH AIR-RAID SHELTERS, SIMILAR SURFACE SHELTERS BEING IN GROSVENOR GARDENS; AND (INSERT) THE FORM OF SHELTER AND METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.



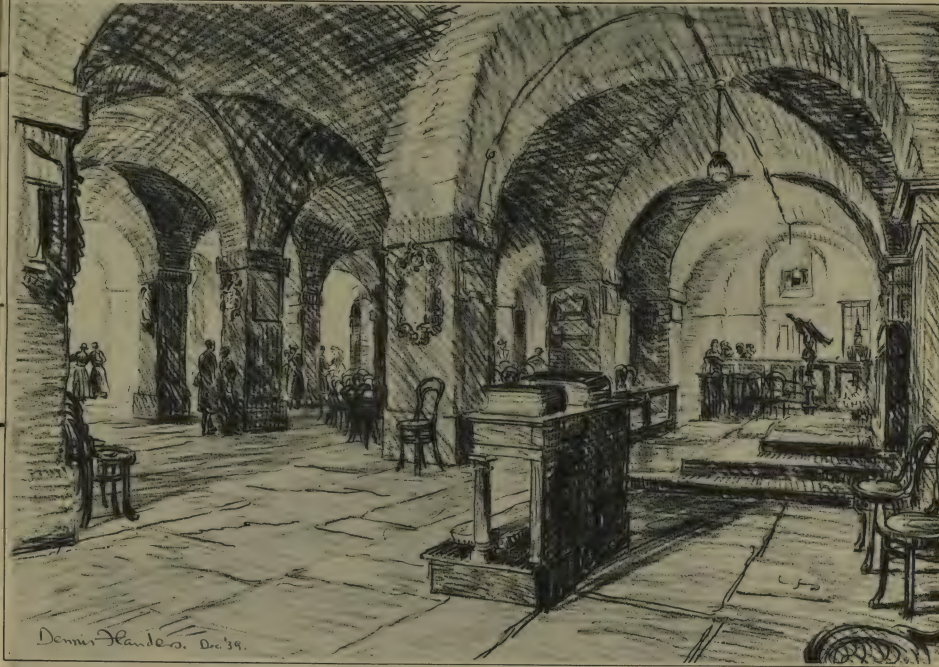
PERHAPS THE CHEAPEST CONSTRUCTED SHELTER GIVING ADEQUATE PROTECTION: ONE OF A SERIES OF "COAL-HOLE" VAULTS BENEATH THE PAVEMENT WHICH HAVE NOW BEEN LINKED TOGETHER BY ESCAPE PASSAGES IN THE PARTY WALLS.



POSSIBLY LONDON'S FINEST AIR-RAID SHELTER—IN THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ADELPHI ARCHES, AND ACCOMMODATING 600 PEOPLE. ALTHOUGH OF STONE, IT IS SURPRISINGLY WARM.

SHELTER BUILT BY THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER.

LONDON NEWS" BY DENNIS FLANDERS.



THE CRYPT OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS: THE FAMOUS ALL-NIGHT SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS USED FOR A.R.P. PURPOSES—AN IDEA FAR REMOVED FROM THE CONCEPTIONS OF THE CHURCH'S NINETEENTH-CENTURY ARCHITECT, JAMES GIBB.

THE City of Westminster's boundaries extend far beyond what is generally thought of as "Westminster." They include such distant points as the Albert Hall, Chancery Lane, and no fewer than seven bridges across the Thames. The four square miles, of which about one is composed of parks, have a resident population of 130,000, that in the daytime being half a million. Its A.R.P. problem, therefore, was far from simple. It is being solved mainly by such means as those shown above: by the erection of Anderson shelters and brick surface shelters; the construction of eight sets of underground trenches in the Royal Parks and the squares, to hold nearly 15,000 persons; and by strutting basements. The policy of dispersing the population during an air raid in as many buildings as possible has been followed, this being coupled with the aim of limiting the distance for the public to walk to reach a shelter. An interesting point about the "coal-hole" vaults beneath the pavements is that the vaults are linked together by escape passages in the party walls. These vaults offer adequate protection against blast and the fall of the house above at an approximate cost of twelve shillings per head; there are 4295 suitable vaults in Westminster, and they would shelter 70,000 persons.



THE COVERED TRENCH SYSTEM OF A.R.P. SHELTER—CONSTRUCTED IN THE ROYAL PARKS (HERE ST. JAMES'S) AND IN PRIVATE SQUARES; IN ALL, EIGHT SETS OF TRENCHES (NEARLY FOUR MILES IN LENGTH) CAN ACCOMMODATE SOME 15,000 PERSONS.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NOW that the British

Commonwealth is once again involved in war, we can realise more than ever the paramount significance of the Crown as the principal link between the self-governing Dominions and the Motherland, and also the immense value of the co-operative personal influence exercised, at home or overseas, by so many members of the Royal House during the last hundred years. It would be superfluous, therefore, to stress the appeal to British readers all over the world of such a book as "ROYAL CAVALCADE." By Erica Beal. With 12 Illustrations (Stanley Paul; 16s.). The author, who is a biographer and journalist of distinction, with great experience in the preparation of memoirs and in publicity work for charity, has given us here a painstaking and brightly written chronicle, covering the period from 1838 to 1928, and dealing mainly with Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra, and the latter's sister, the late Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia, whose maiden name was Princess Dagmar of Denmark. It is claimed that the book contains hitherto unpublished stories concerning them. Much interesting light is thrown on the relations of the British Court not only with those of Denmark and Russia (including the Rasputin episode and the final tragedy of Ekaterinburg), but also those of Germany, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, Spain, Greece, Rumania, and Bulgaria. As a background to the personal portraits, the author traces the general history of the period in a terse but accurate survey. Her book is both readable and informing.

In works of this character, the chief requisite is authenticity, and in this respect the present volume is beyond reproach, for Miss Beal has enjoyed unusual privileges in the form of practical help from the Royal Family. She expresses particular gratitude to Queen Mary, who read and revised the typescript, supplied information about the Royal House of Hesse-Cassel, and lent (for reproduction as frontispiece) Winterhalter's portrait of her mother, the late Duchess of Teck, at the age of thirteen, when she was Princess Mary of Cambridge. The author also acknowledges assistance from Princess Beatrice and the late Prince Valdemar of Denmark, youngest brother of Queen Alexandra. Miss Beal condemns the tendency of modern biographers to superimpose their own ideas on those of their subjects. "It has been my aim," she writes, "to leave Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra and the Empress of Russia to speak for themselves. . . . I have tried to act as a scribe to the three and to take down their opinions and their reactions towards events and towards individuals instead of intruding my interpretations of such matters."

Not infrequently the narrative is enlivened by lighter anecdotes. Here is an incident which could hardly have evoked the royal rebuke "We are not amused." In relating it the author writes: "It was not until after her marriage to the Prince Consort that Queen Victoria made her first railway journey. The Queen's coachman was very displeased. He insisted on sitting beside the engine-driver, in the full glory of his scarlet livery, and cocked hat trimmed with white ostrich feathers, in order to promulgate his prior right to drive her Majesty anywhere. When he alighted at the end of the journey, his countenance was as black as that of a Christy Minstrel, owing to his contact with the smuts in the tunnels. As for the Royal livery, it appeared to be decidedly the worse for wear, while his plumed hat was sadly bedraggled. After that experience, the coachman was content, in future, to demonstrate his rights by driving the Royal horses only, and to let the engine-driver carry off all the glories of the railroad."

Elsewhere we get a revealing glimpse of Queen Alexandra in the days before King Edward's accession. "One reason," writes the author, "that accounted for the popularity of the Princess of Wales in England was her habit of talking to anybody as if that individual was the one person she most wished to meet. The working classes liked her because she never attempted to patronise them. On the contrary, she took pains to let them see how much she respected them. She had a sense of humour and enjoyed

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

an exchange of repartee. One day she was visiting an Agricultural Show in Yorkshire, and paused at a stand to admire its dairy exhibits. These included a fine display of butter. The Princess of Wales praised it, and then remarked with a smile to the exhibitor: 'But I believe the best butter comes from Denmark.' 'I beg your pardon, Ma'am,' he swiftly retorted. 'The best Princess comes from Denmark, but the best butter comes from Yorkshire.'"

Another memorable tribute to the "sea-kings' daughter from over the sea," after she had become Queen, was paid by a famous artist whose eventful life-story is told in "PORTRAIT OF A PAINTER." The authorised Life of Philip de Laszlo. By Owen Rutter. With 16 Illustrations (Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.). In writing this admirable biography, Mr. Rutter has adopted the same principle as that followed by Erica Beal in "Royal Cavalcade." "It would have been easy," he says, "for me to have taken de Laszlo's narratives, used them as data and rewritten them in my own way. But the *ipsissima verba* of a man . . . possess an intensity and colour of their own. . . . For these reasons I decided to let de Laszlo tell his own story so far as he himself recorded it." Thus, recalling his visit to Windsor Castle in 1907 to paint the royal portraits, the artist wrote: "Queen Alexandra was one of the most gracious ladies I ever had the good fortune to meet. In whatever station of life she might have been born, she would

but King Edward disapproved, but at least they had the gratification of being painted on the same board!"

Seven years later, on the eve of the Great War, we find the painter just returned to England after a visit to Greece. "He had brought the portraits of the Greek royal family back to London to complete," writes Mr. Rutter, "and in June three Queens visited his studio to see them—Queen Alexandra, the Empress Marie of Russia, and Queen Olga [of Greece]." With his vast experience among exalted personages, the artist's work forms a counterpart in paint to that of the biographers of European royalty. "During his career," writes Mr. Rutter, "de Laszlo, according to his own computation, painted over 2700 portraits. Not even Van Dyck left so representative a collection of his time. . . . This rich gallery portrays the rulers, the political and intellectual leaders, the beauties, and the children of four generations in the Old World and the New." Among the most charming examples of his later work was his portrait of our present Queen when she was Duchess of York. In former days he had hoped to paint Queen Victoria, to whom he was recommended by the Empress Frederick, but the Queen was then too much preoccupied with the Boer War. She commissioned him, however, to do a portrait of Sir George White, the defender of Ladysmith. This command interrupted his honeymoon with his Irish bride, Miss Lucy Guinness, whom he married on June 7, 1900.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT THE FRONT: THE PRIME MINISTER INSPECTING A CAMOUFLAGED GUN-EMPLACEMENT IN THE BRITISH SECTOR DURING HIS VISIT TO THE B.E.F. AND R.A.F. UNITS IN FRANCE.

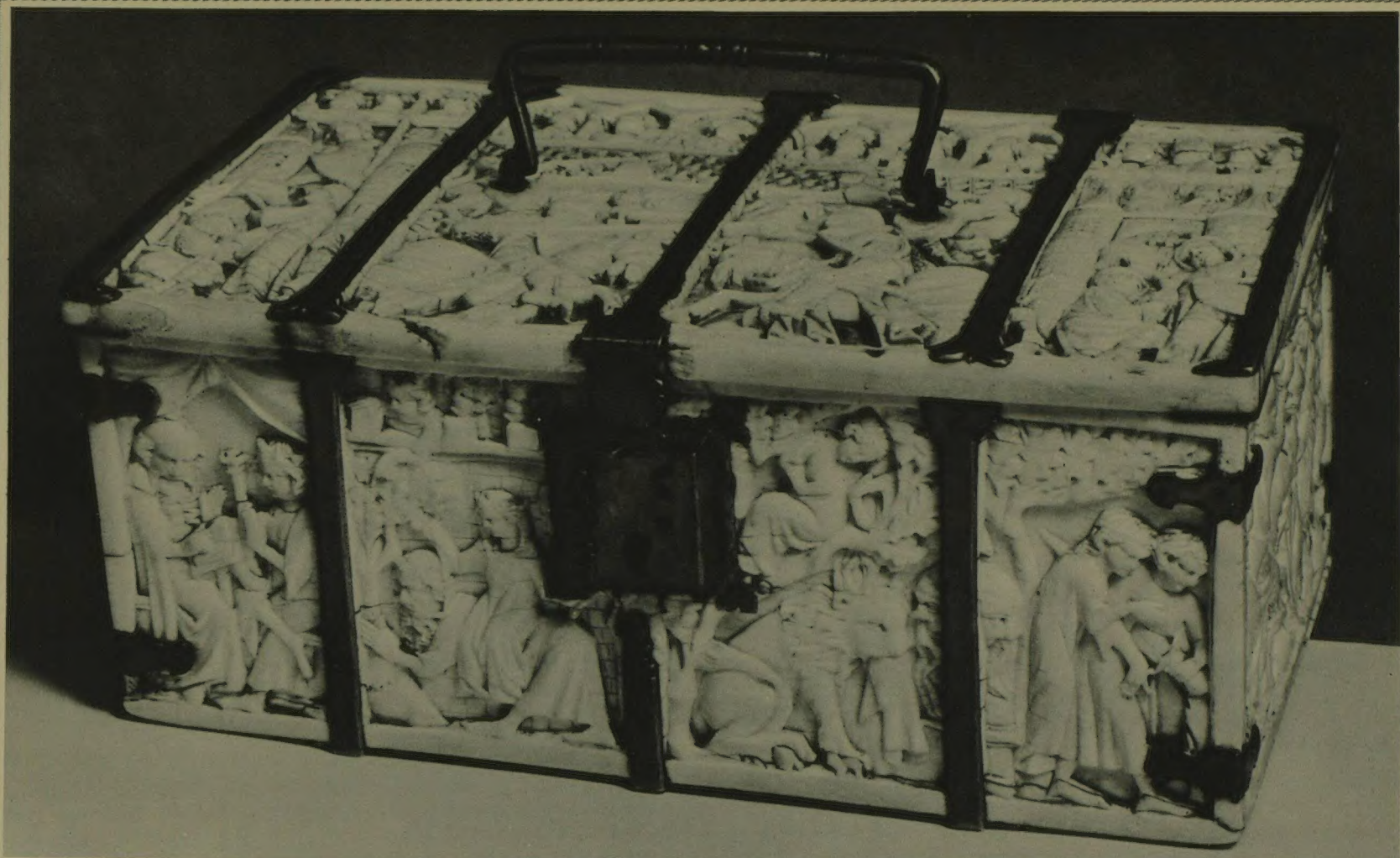
Mr. Chamberlain, who returned to England by air on December 19, is seen here during his visit to the B.E.F. and R.A.F. units in France, inspecting a camouflaged gun-emplacement in the British sector. "When I get back to England," said the Premier just before his departure, "I will be able to give all at home the most welcome message of the good health and good spirits of the Force, and tell them of my complete confidence. . . . To all ranks in France I wish . . . the best of luck for the New Year." (British Official Photograph.)

have been equally beloved. She was sincere and natural in word and deed, although she could be firm when once she had made up her mind. Throughout the sittings, the witty Princess Victoria was always present."

Earlier in the same year (1907) King Edward and Queen Alexandra had visited de Laszlo's exhibition in London, and in his journal he says: "The exhibition was crowded all the morning, and I had my first experience of the King's and Queen's exceptional charm. While I was showing their Majesties round, the press of people was so great that the King turned to me and said in his jovial way: 'Well, Laszlo, you can be content with your success. The King of England has no room to move in your exhibition.' That same afternoon the artist was suddenly summoned to Buckingham Palace to begin a portrait of Princess Victoria, and as he was unprepared he had to collect his materials in great haste. While he was at work King Edward came in and glanced at the easel. "'Hullo, what is this?' he exclaimed. 'There is already a portrait on this board! It looks like Albert Mensdorff.' I was horrified," continues de Laszlo, recounting the incident. "Apologising to the Princess, I looked at the back of the board on which I was painting. To my astonishment I saw that the King was right. It was a sketch I had made of Count Mensdorff. When I explained how this had come about, the King and the Princess laughed. 'Well, this will be a very interesting incident,' declared his Majesty, raising his voice. 'When I am gone, my life will be written and my biographer will say that the Princess Royal fell in love with the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador. They wanted to marry,

During the last war Mr. de Laszlo, who was a Hungarian by birth but a naturalised British subject, came under suspicion of disloyalty, and after interviews with Mr. (now Sir) Basil Thomson, then head of the C.I.D., was arrested and interned. Among many friends who testified to his innocence were the Duke of Portland, Lord Devonport, Lord Selborne, Lord Lee of Fareham, Lord Braybourne, and Sir Luke Fildes. He was allowed to enter a nursing home, and then Sir Charles Russell, to whom he had entrusted his legal affairs, lent him his own country house at Burnham, Bucks. Eventually his case came before a Committee appointed to consider the revocation of certificates of citizenship, and Sir John Simon appeared on his behalf, while Sir Austen Chamberlain (then Chancellor of the Exchequer) and Sir John Lavery were among his witnesses. The Committee "were satisfied that there had been nothing in Mr. de Laszlo's conduct which would merit, or justify, the withdrawal from him of British citizenship." After this vindication he was soon working harder than ever as a fashionable portrait-painter. A few years later, an invitation for the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, where King George V. and Queen Mary welcomed him and his wife very graciously, "signified his ultimate reinstatement in English society."

Two other notable examples of art biography, with which I must deal later as opportunity occurs, are "SELF-PORTRAIT." Taken from the Letters and Journals of Charles Ricketts, R.A. Collected and Compiled by T. Sturge Moore. Edited by Cecil Lewis. With Colour-Plate Frontispiece and 7 Plates (Peter Davies; 15s.); and "DIEGO RIVERA." His Life and Times. By Bertram D. Wolfe. With Coloured Frontispiece and 169 other Illustrations (Robert Hale; 21s.). Other outstanding books of a reminiscent and biographical type, several of which, by the way, contain interesting glimpses of royalty on various occasions, are: "THE SCENE CHANGES." By Sir Basil Thomson (Collins; 18s.); "PORTLAND SPY." By R. A. Havard. With 9 Illustrations (Stanley Paul; 12s. 6d.); "EIGHTY-EIGHT NOT OUT." A Record of Happy Memories. By Harold Hartley. With 25 Illustrations (Muller; 12s. 6d.); "LORD CHELMSFORD AND THE ZULU WAR." By Major the Hon. Gerald French, D.S.O. With a Foreword by General Sir Bindon Blood (John Lane; 21s.); and "RECORDS AND REACTIONS. 1856-1939." By the Earl of Middleton, K.P. With 13 Illustrations (Murray; 12s. 6d.). To these books also I hope to return.



THE POWER AND PRAISE OF LOVE IS THE THEME THAT RUNS THROUGH ALL THE EPISODES CARVED ON THIS MAGNIFICENT OLD FRENCH IVORY CASKET, DESIGNED TO GRACE A LADY'S BOWER IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. IT RECENTLY CHANGED HANDS AT THE FIGURE OF £820.

This beautiful carved casket was designed for some lady's bower in fourteenth-century France, and the craftsman has chosen a *motif* of gallantry for its decoration. On the front is Aristotle warning the young Alexander against the female sex, but in the next episode is the humiliation of the sage, who is being ridden by Campaspe, whip in hand. The other two episodes depict Pyramus and Thisbe. One end is carved with Tristan and Yseult, she with a

dog and a bird, seated by a fountain in which the image of King Mark is reflected from a tree. At the other end Tristan saves Yseult from a monstrous woodwose. The neighbouring panel represents a unicorn hunt. The top is carved with episodes from "The Castle of Love" and the back with others from the life of Gawain. The casket belonged to Viscount Valentia, and was purchased at Sotheby's by the Barber Institute of Birmingham University for £820.

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

AS the New Year opens, if no external disasters intervene, the great majority of the London theatres, as well as nearly all the provincial houses, will be open again. If we can judge at all by their autumn prosperity, they need have no fear of the results, provided they have reasonable entertainment to offer. Naturally, the worst was anticipated when the playhouses began to reopen in recent months: but the worst did not occur. Far from it. I have actually heard it said by people who know about box-office figures that this has been the best autumn in the London theatre for some years. Certainly there has been very great prosperity in the country, where the playgoer has been attracted by the unusual number of starry casts and first-rate productions coming his way. Not for a generation has the provincial theatre had such programmes as the September dispersion of London companies provided.

Several forces, I fancy, have been at work to multiply playgoers in the face of difficulties. The B.B.C. programmes have been severely limited in number and, though of improved quality lately, rarely of sufficient attraction to keep people at home just to listen. Television, still a small but swiftly and seriously increasing rival to the theatre, had to be abandoned. The drastic nature of the black-out, the darkened trains, and so on, were, at first, a strong deterrent to moving abroad in the evenings. But the very blackness of the black-out did, in the end, drive

Brummagem ironwork, their upholstery warm of hue and plushy of texture, to which the fancy turns when sunk in lonely blackness. Those spare, stark, functional theatres which we began to build in the 1920's, when architecture in general was becoming spare, stark and functional, have

Yes, you may allege all that. But the test in the end is the enjoyment of those children. Do our young Christmas revellers prefer an unblemished fairy-story mimed, artistically—oh, so delicately and sensitively!—in the chill of an up-to-date building, or the grown-up, unintelligible, but large, pulsing and colourful performance of a pantomime provided in a joyous, garish, plush-and-gilt palace along with a decided odour of sticky people and of sticky sweets? The answer is simple. Children of all ages want light. It was once candles: it moved on to be gas. It is now electricity. Whatever its source, the magic use of it on the stage to warm and cheer and build up comforting illusions has never been replaced. While the theatrical intellectuals are always busy with the art of "darking" the stage—a process which they paradoxically call "lighting"—the great holiday crowds have never had so subtle an appetite or such a delight in being dim. They want their Christmas fun to be loud and long and well lit up. Does it mean a headache in the end? Perhaps, but they are prepared to risk it and to deem the headache well earned if they get it.

And so to our shows, according to our ages and tastes and our place of Christmas celebration. London will have rather less "panto." than the country, but more comedy and farce. Also it has recently acquired some stirring dramas of more sombre hue. There is "Ladies in Retirement," at the St. James's, guaranteed to give anyone the "orrs," and at



"GREAT EXPECTATIONS," AT THE RUDOLF STEINER HALL: THE YOUNG ESTELLA (YVONNE MITCHELL) SNEERING AT LITTLE PIP (ROGER PARKER) BEFORE THE WEIRD SCHIZOPHRENIC, MISS HAVISHAM (MARTITA HUNT), SEATED IN HER BRIDAL DRESS BESIDE THE COBWEB-HUNG REMAINS OF HER WEDDING CAKE.

In his theatrical adaptation of "Great Expectations," Mr. Alec Guinness has derived a play of great dramatic force from a novel with a haunting quality unique among Dickens's works. Mr. Guinness avoids the effect of scrappiness which so often mars plays adapted from novels, by setting up at the side of the stage a room in which first Pip and then Biddy reads the narrative in character.

Photographs by Angus McBean.

never been very popular and perhaps never will be. They were theoretically sound. They avoided the preposterous shape and discomfort of the Victorian style and they offered a feast of reasonable planning. But, rationally right, they were emotionally wrong. They depressed the appetite for escape: they were anti-comic, anti-romantic. They were that seeming paradox, anti-theatrical theatres. Their austere pallor worked in the same way as a baffling darkness: they "whited-out" our sense of common enjoyment and that was just as bad as any black-out.

So I picture the holiday audiences very happily packed into the tiers of the old flamboyant, gilt-edged auditorium and awaiting the tremendous crash of brass with which the pantomime overture begins. It will all be very hot and garish and happy, as is that curious exercise, the pantomime itself. Pantomime has been pronounced dead times without number, but it always pops up again and, of late years, even the gloomiest prophets have almost



MAGWITCH EXPLAINS: ROY MERTON AS THE CONVICT WHO PLAYS SUCH A SINGULAR PART IN THE PLOT OF "GREAT EXPECTATIONS."



ESTELLA, GROWN UP, IS STILL AS SPITEFUL AS EVER: MARIUS GORING AND VERA LINDSAY IN "GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

people to seek its opposite. As the dark evenings drew in and the inky cloak was fastened more securely about us, we felt at once a kind of misery and a kind of challenge. We were not going to be made miserable: we were going to beat the black-out. We took torch and went out. And here we may perhaps pause, on our playward journey, to raise our hats and offer our gratitude to the railwaymen, taxi-men, and bus-drivers who have been coping with the darkness hour after hour in conditions of intense and exhausting strain upon the eyes and nerves.

Yes, it may be bad to step out of a lighted theatre into the baffling blackness of the unlit street. But the converse is no less true, and that truth will be readily welcomed in Christmas weather when "the dull droop of a December day" begins to engulf us soon after three o'clock. If it is unpleasant leaving the remnant of the day's light, it is uncommonly good to enter into the artificial blaze and find the warmth and radiance of a theatre lit up. That was always so in winter and will be more so now. The degrees of heat and illumination make an immense difference to the friendliness and receptivity of an audience. A cold, dark theatre will kill a play more surely than a consensus of acrimonious criticism. Physical and emotional temperatures run together. Our managers, having lured us through the black-out, will be wise to see that we are well warmed and well lit when we do at last get inside.

It is the elderly, rococo theatres, full of unnecessary Cupids and gilt goddesses, their circles festooned with



"AND THE COMMUNICATION I HAVE TO MAKE IS THAT HE HAS GREAT EXPECTATIONS": JAGGERS (WILFRED CAITHNESS; RIGHT) INFORMS PIP (MARIUS GORING) OF HIS STRANGE GOOD FORTUNE, BEFORE JOE GARGERY (RICHARD GEORGE) AND BIDDY (MERULA)."

given it up for saved. There is much to be argued against it. An exquisite fairy-story, perhaps, is vulgarised: the plot gets lost among irrelevant music-hall turns; there are long, sentimental ditties and a huge, central patch of rather primitive ballet which are bound to bore the children.

the Rudolf Steiner Hall, which sounds rather grimly philosophic, but is really a comfortable playhouse in Upper Baker Street, there is Mr. Alec Guinness's stage version of Dickens's "Great Expectations." A darker home than that of Miss Havisham never was, but Pip and Mr. Pocket and Mr. Wopsle light a warm, bright Dickensian fire round about it. And how radiantly Mr. Guinness himself plays Pocket!

Returning to the lighter and brighter pieces, we meet at the St. Martin's Theatre "Giving the Bride Away," which brings together two fine comedians, Mr. Basil Radford and Mr. Naunton Wayne, who are involved in an amusing mass of bother. Their escapade is likely to entertain the elders very much. But it would need too much and too difficult explaining to the boys and girls. "Punch Without Judy," at the New, is another light comedy for the riper years, full of student fun and student sorrows. The incomparable combination of Messrs. Drayton and Hare in a roaring Ben Travers farce, "Spotted Dick," will be back at the Strand, which the company had to leave in September.

Pantomime itself will be at the Coliseum and in the London suburbs and everywhere in the provinces. Wherever we turn, we can be sure of that warmth and light which we have always believed to be the condition of good playgoing as of Christmas revels. Our present darkness makes a good blaze more necessary than ever for our recreation and delight. Hail to the magician of the season, the Genie of the Lamp!



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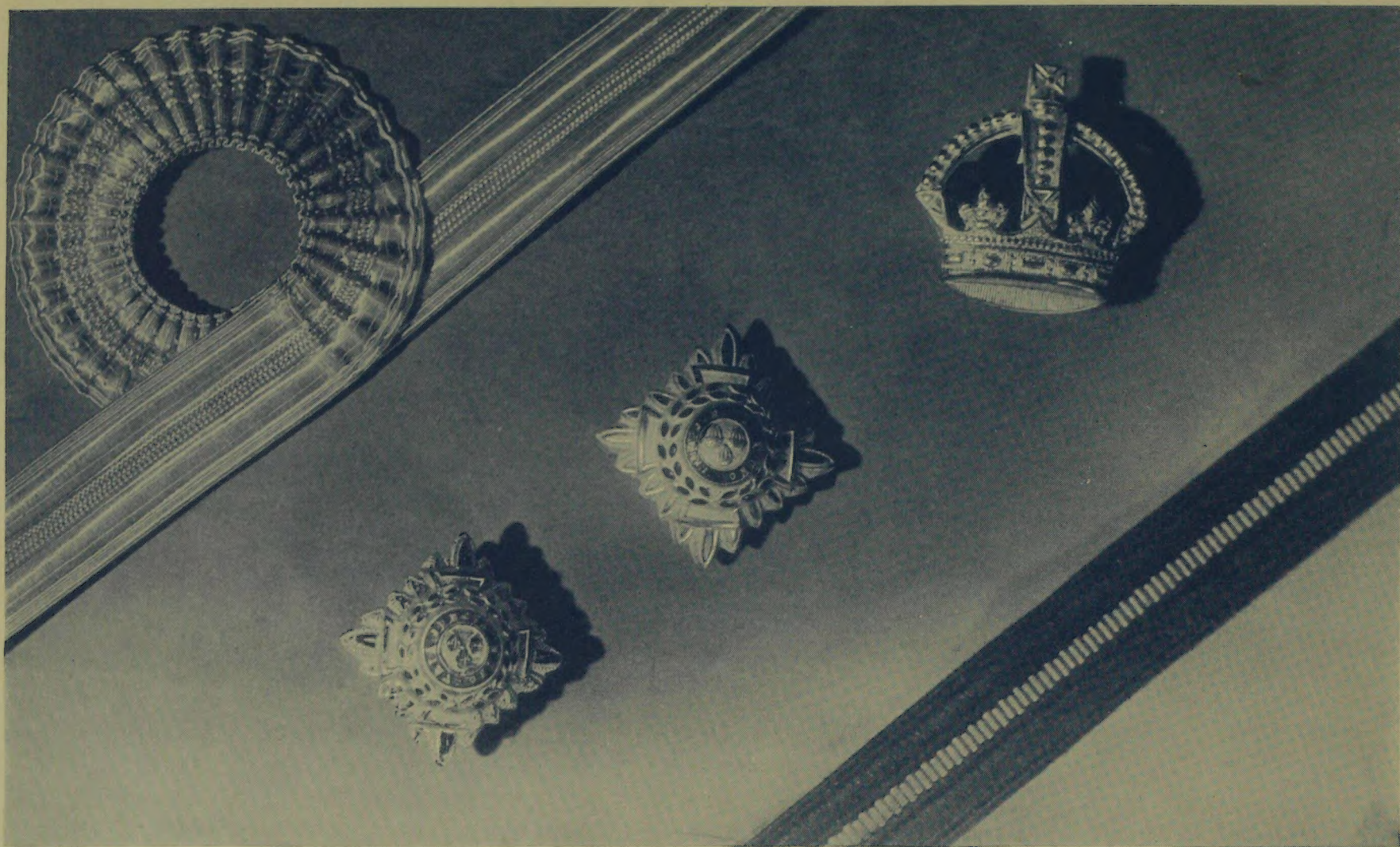
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